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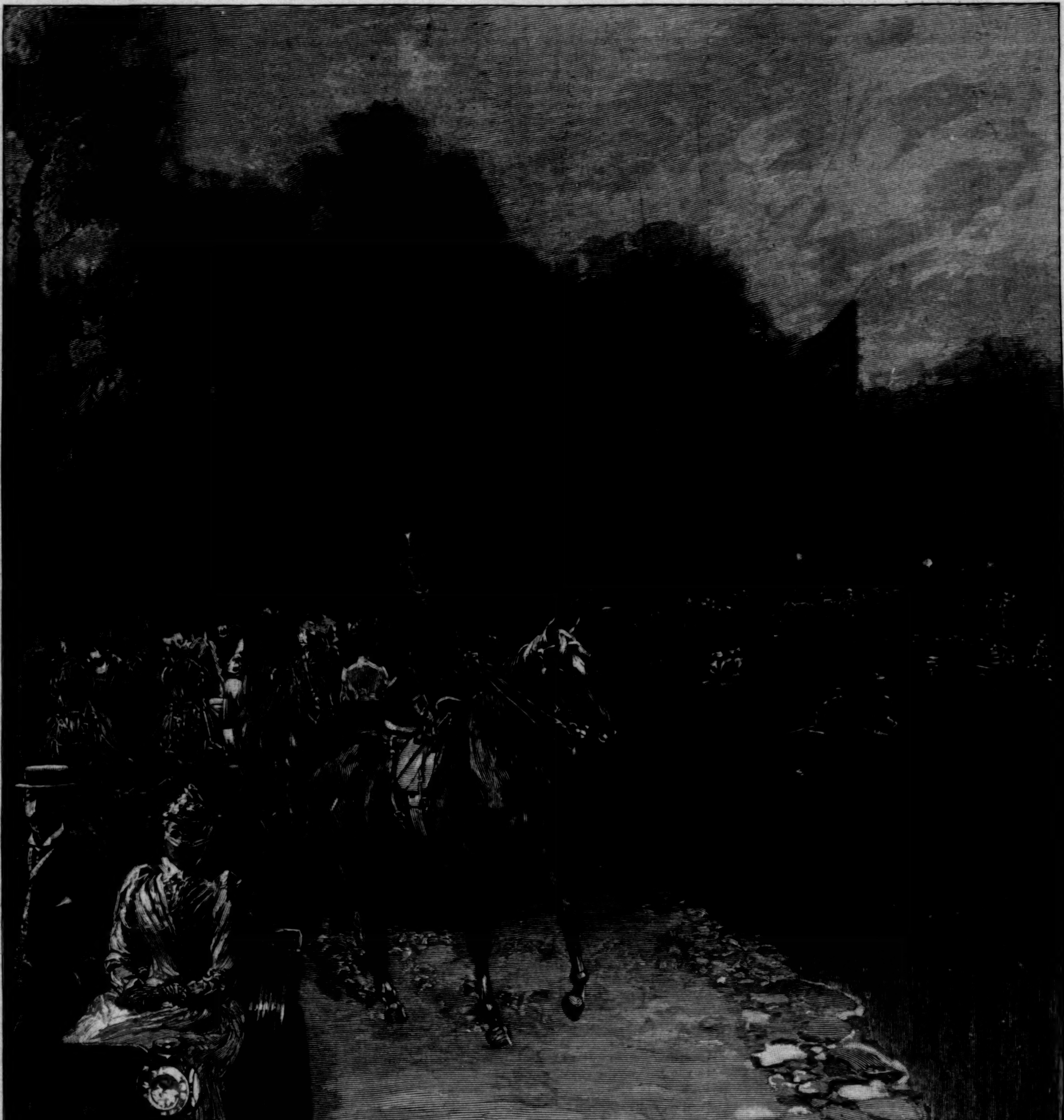

THE DRIVE AT LAKE HARRIET, MINNEAPOLIS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 755.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
FOR
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HARPER'S WEEKLY,
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SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING DESCRIPTION AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF "THE BOSTON PARK AND PARKWAY SYSTEM."

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PROSPECTS.

THE significance of the late election in Maine is generally held to be unmistakable. It is generally interpreted as making Speaker REED the most prominent figure in his party, and as a conclusive party approval of the two measures now pending, the tariff bill and the election bill. It is thought, also, to make the Speaker the most promising candidate for the Presidential nomination, and to show that the party enthusiasm for Mr. BLAINE has been transferred to Mr. REED. That there are good reasons for this view is shown by the immediate response of the press and of a Western party Convention then in session. The result of the election is party encouragement. The vote on the tariff bill in the Senate was at once taken. Every Republican Senator voted for it. Mr. PLUMB and the few recusants upon a few points united in the vote. Mr. PLUMB had evidently changed his mind, for it was but a very short time since he said the people of the United States ought to have their "inning" some time, and he thought the time had come. Upon reflection he decided that the time had not yet quite arrived, and that the people of the United States might suffer a little longer, and he voted for what he denounced as unjust taxation.

The decided protest of a few Republican members of Congress and a few journals against the general drift of the party, and especially the attitude of Mr. BLAINE, might easily have affected the action of the party if the Maine election had been carried by a reduced vote. But the effect of unexpected and imposing success is naturally to heal breaches and strengthen the party drift. This was seen not only in the passage of the tariff bill, but also in the incorporation with it of Mr. BLAINE's scheme of reciprocity. The bill indeed goes to a conference committee, but the action of Mr. HOAR, who acknowledged constitutional difficulties in it, yet nevertheless voted for it, indicates the action of the party. The bill will pass, probably, and the conclusive argument will be that it has been ratified by the party, as shown in the Maine election and in the party enthusiasm throughout the country which that election has kindled. The same argument will carry the election bill. The occasional party protest against that measure will not prevail over the Maine election. Such protests are always magnified by the opposition. They mean only difference of opinion upon a proposed party course; but if the party disposition to take it is made evident, the difference of opinion is not insisted upon. They are incidents of discussion within the party, and do not involve a breach of the party, as the opposition is very apt to allow its wishes to assume.

In estimating the Maine election, the personal admiration of Mr. REED must not be forgotten. His audacity and resolution, like the same qualities in General JACKSON, strike the popular fancy as heroic, and every people loves a hero. "The old hero" was a favorite name for JACKSON, and a very pretty name it was for headstrong obstinacy. The merits of his contest with the bank were comprehended by a very small number of his fellow-citizens. But the great mass of them could easily comprehend his denunciation of the monster and the money power, and in one man contending with a great corporation they saw Hercules wrestling with the hydra. In the same way the Speaker is represented as alone withstanding the monster composed of the serried host of Confederate brigadiers trying to capture Congress and overthrow the Union, as Mr. INGERSOLL, in his famous speech at Cincinnati in 1876, described Mr. BLAINE as "the plumed and belted knight" holding open the mouth of the same monster, and performing prodigies of valor. There is a good deal of poetry in politics, and all this rhetoric tells in the most effective manner. Mr. REED is a heroic and picturesque figure in the imagination of his party, and that is an immense advantage. They will be naturally grateful to him also for giving an occasion just at this juncture for revealing the party unity. In the strict party sense he has been of great service, and that fact will not be forgotten.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GRANT OF POWER.

THE ALDRICH reciprocity amendment in the tariff bill which passed the Senate provides substantially that whenever the President shall consider the regulations of other governments in regard to the import of certain of our products unequal or unreasonable he may impose certain specified duties upon our import of their products. By the terms of the law he could thus add some $50,000,000 to our revenues in taxes upon three or four articles alone. This extraordinary power is granted in the face of the simple and exclusive authority given by the Constitution to Congress: "The Congress shall have the power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imports, and excises." No exigency is known to exist to justify such remarkable action. Congress is in full possession of its faculties. The country is at peace. Every branch of the government is in political accord. The provisions of the Constitution are indisputable, and no valid excuse can be offered for straining the interpretation of plain words. Mr. EVARTS proposed an amendment which would have brought the scheme wholly within the Constitution, and it received but three votes from the majority.

The amendment of Mr. EVARTS proposed instead of leaving this tremendous power over the business and industry and prosperity of the country to the discretion of the President, to leave it where the Constitution places it, with Congress. It provided that when the President should be of opinion that the customs laws of any country were unfavorable to us, he should—not at once interpose and derange markets and commercial transactions by the imposition of taxes, but—"communicate to Congress the facts which he shall have ascertained, to the end that such duties may be imposed upon the above recited articles and exempted from duty by this act as Congress in view of the failure of reciprocal action upon the part of any foreign nation or nations may determine." Can there be any possible valid objection to intrusting this most important discretion to Congress, where the Constitution places it, and not to the President, from whom the Constitution withholds it? If Congress, the representative of the people, cannot safely be intrusted with its exercise, can it safely be given to one man? The refusal of the Senate to follow the constitutional course suggested by Mr. EVARTS is both remarkable and inexplicable.

There is such a thing as delegation of power. Does the Constitution anywhere authorize Congress to delegate the powers specifically granted to it? The power over taxation and imports is the very first power conferred by the Constitution upon Congress. Is there any question that the ALDRICH amendment empowers the President whenever in his opinion a certain situation exists to lay an import duty which is specified? The imposition is wholly dependent upon the President's judgment. Does he any the less lay the tax because the amendment provides that his judgment must first be satisfied that it ought to be laid? If this be constitutional, why, in precisely the same way, might not Congress provide that whenever the President should be of opinion that English action in regard to the seal fisheries was intolerable he might declare war with England? The power of declaring war is no more reserved to Congress than that of laying a customs duty. If Congress may delegate to the President the power of laying at his discretion a duty on Argentine hides, it may delegate the power of declaring war on account of the seal-fishery dispute. It may delegate all its powers in the same way; for instance, the power to coin money, and it would not be less delegated because Congress might prescribe the amount that should be coined whenever the President decided to use the power. When the bill returns to the Senate it is to be hoped that Mr. EVARTS will renew his amendment, and press his question whether the ALDRICH provision does not authorize the raising or remitting revenue without the action of the House of Representatives, in which that action must, under the Constitution, originate.

THE BARRUNDIA CASE.

IT seems hardly possible that a minister of the United States in Guatemala not only failed to protect a political refugee who was sheltered by our flag, but actually deprived him of that shelter, and abandoned him to the immediate vengeance of his enemies. The sanctity of political exile is not only recognized by every free people, but especial pains are taken to prevent the delivery of a political refugee under pretence of the violation of criminal law. We have no disposition to judge harshly the conduct of Mr. MIZNER in Guatemala, but as yet there is no good explanation of it.

BARRUNDIA was upon an American merchant vessel in Guatemalan waters, in the close vicinity of American vessels of war. The right of search for escaping criminals under such circumstances is conceded to the local authority. But nothing more is conceded. It is not acknowledged that a political refugee is a criminal; and if by some straining of the law this might be inferred, what generous man would infer it? What American minister would not devise means of delay, until the flag had secured the protection which the refugee had sought?

If a wrong were done to a friendly state by such a course, the delay would not prevent ample explanation and reparation by the American government. Even were the situation and duty doubtful, an American minister should give the refugee the benefit of the doubt, since justice could yet be done. But in this case there seems to have been no real doubt. BARRUNDIA was not claimed to be a criminal. He was at most a revolutionist escaping. Is it the business of an American minister to thrust a revolutionist under the muzzles of his opponent's pistols? Lord Palmerston was forced to resign by the suspicion of England that he intended to return to France men who were alleged to have killed innocent persons in attempting to kill LOUIS NAPOLEON. We shall be glad to know that Mr. MIZNER can explain his conduct satisfactorily, but as yet, and with ample time, it is wholly unexplained.

LIBRARIES AND EDUCATION.

ONE of the most powerful social forces, but hitherto largely undeveloped in this country, is the library. The tradition that it is a collection of books to be supervised by a bookworm or a person of literary tastes unable otherwise to earn his livelihood, who will see that the books are kept in good condition and not stolen, is rapidly disappearing in the presence of the conviction that a library is a force of the utmost importance, but which cannot be made available except by trained skill and special gifts. The librarian, properly viewed, is a popular teacher. He must be able to ascertain what people wish to read, and to furnish them with the books that they desire. A library is an instrument capable, like a great organ, of responding magnificently to the hand of a master, but silent and useless to any other. The fundamental qualifications of a librarian are knowledge of his instrument and skill to touch and play it. But to know a great library so as to draw out its value for others is an immense task. Yet without such knowledge the library is practically lost. A book may be asked for, and it may be found upon the catalogue and given out by a librarian who can do no more. But that is not the use of a library. Can the librarian tell the student what books he really needs for his study, and so save an infinite loss of time and labor, and with it often the loss of the very object sought by study?

The revival and regeneration of the college in America is part of a general fresh movement for higher education with all the advantages of modern thought. This interest extends to the library, which is now becoming an essential part of the system of education. In New York the law of 1889, which revises and consolidates the acts relating to the University of the State, makes the State Library, and such other libraries in the State as may conform to the requirements of the Regents, members of the University, together with the colleges, academies, and incorporated schools. Massachusetts provides State aid of counsel and money for the establishment of local libraries. The Library Association, composed of the most eminent librarians in the country, meeting annually in different places, has greatly stimulated the development of the library influence by the comparison of views and experience, and the careful consideration of library science in all its various branches. This year the twelfth annual meeting was held at Fabyan's, in the White Mountains. More than two hundred and fifty persons attended, from every part of the Union, and the proceedings were very valuable and instructive.

The point most clearly and forcibly brought forward at the meeting was the one we have mentioned—the library not as a pleasant reading-room, but as an integral part of the system of national education. This was the specific subject of a paper by Dr. Harris, the accomplished United States Commissioner of Education, who treated the library as the college of the people, and of another paper by Professor H. B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University, upon university extension, a system blending lectures with the well-directed use of books in the library. The cooperation of the trustees of libraries was earnestly solicited, and many were present. An endowment fund was begun among the trustees for the publication and circulation of the papers and proceedings of the association, and the great importance of the library school for the proper training of librarians was fully recognized. In New York it is proposed to bring the State Library into active relations with other libraries in the State. The willingness and the means to establish libraries often precede the ability of proper selection of books, convenient arrangement, and effective administration. All these essential conditions are to be provided only by education and experience, and their provision is among the most important objects of the library school, as well as consideration by the Library Association. What an immense benefit to the people of New York it would be if every community in the State desiring to establish a library could receive from the State Library as is now proposed adequate suggestions upon all such points!

JAMES R. OSGOOD, McILVAINE, & CO.

The recent publishing relations between England and the United States are more intimate than ever. The familiar names of English publishing houses are seen in New York, and American houses are extending their domain beyond the sea. In England this movement began really with the publication of the American illustrated popular magazines, which was both a surprise and delight to the English public. Ten years ago Harper's Magazine gave the English reader a new literary pleasure, as thirty years before it had given the same pleasure to Americans. The Magazine is coeval with the astonishing growth and development of the modern art of wood-engraving, and its steady prosperity in England as well as in America is a signal tribute to its essentially popular character.

Among the significant signs of this situation is the appearance of the new publishing firm of James R. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co., which will shortly be established in Albemarle Street, London. It will represent Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and will have charge of the interests of the house in England, but not to the exclusion of the most amicable relations with other American publishing houses, while, of course, it will cultivate the friendship of English and American authors. For nearly half a century the eminent house of Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. was the English intermediary of the house of Harper, and their name will continue for a while to be identified with the London issue of the Magazine. But the changes of later years have made different but perfectly amicable arrangements desirable, and the Magazine will therefore in a few months pass over to the new house, which has been established with this end in view, as well as to meet the growing requirements of the situation.

James R. Osgood, the head of the new firm, is a name of the pleasantest association in the publishing world, with which he has long been identified. His personal and business relations have brought him into close and most agreeable connection with many of the foremost American and English authors of this generation—Emerson, Dickens, Hawthorne, Tennyson, Longfellow, Thackeray, Bryant, Browning, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Mrs. Stowe, Charles Kingsley, Bayard Taylor, Bret Harte, Howells, Charles Reade, Aldrich, Warner. For four years Mr. Osgood has resided in London as the representative of the Harpers, and we but repeat the universal verdict in saying that he has made the happiest impression in all business and social relations. It would be difficult to find a man more singularly adapted for the headship of the new house than Mr. Osgood, or one more admirably qualified to be his active associate than Mr. Clarence W. McIlvaine, a gentleman who has been for several years in the employment of Harper & Brothers, and who is amply possessed of those literary tastes, accomplishments, and experience which are now characteristic of eminent publishers. The convenience of such an arrangement, by which authors on both sides of the Atlantic can deal immediately with publishing principals, is obvious, and we trust that the establishment of the firm of James R. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. will tend to promote still closer and more friendly connections between authors and publishers both in England and America.

It may be added that the English edition of the popular American juvenile periodical, Harper's Young People, which Mr. Gladstone recently so emphatically endorsed, will remain in the hands of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

CONGRESSIONAL EULOGIES.

Speaker Reed made one suggestion in his speech at Portland which deserves general attention and consideration by the press. It concerns the action of Congress, but Congress will take no action until it is aware of the state of public feeling upon the subject. The Speaker said that he wished to show all proper respect for the dead, all proper reverence for departed comrades, and all proper regard for the feelings of surviving friends, but the manner in which Congress pays this tribute to its dead members is very costly to the country.

The Speaker could not add of his fellow-members that the lavish outpouring of eulogy and adulation upon such occasions has an air of entire insincerity, and makes an exceedingly disagreeable impression upon the country. The speeches are generally mere rhetorical exaggeration. If they are true estimates of the departed members, Congress is an assembly of saints and heroes. When Preston Brooks, who assaulted Charles Sumner, died, one of his fire-eating colleagues celebrated him by saying that earth never bore a nobler son, and heaven never received a manlier spirit. That is the key-note of the funeral orations in Congress. No one would quarrel with those who desire to lament friends in this manner, so long as it is a private ceremony. But when Congress does it, it involves a great loss of time to the country which can be ill spared.

The Speaker makes no recommendation. He merely mentions the fact as one of the many obstructions in the discharge of the public business. He would naturally prefer not to suggest the discontinuance of the custom. But it could be very easily discontinued by simply refraining from setting apart a day for the eulogies. There is no fear that great men and public benefactors in Congress or elsewhere will die unrecognized or uncelebrated, and a custom which the general good sense condemns may well be allowed quietly to cease.

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

The Grant Monument Committee have accepted the design of Mr. John H. Duncan for a structure which will cost about $500,000, and it is hoped that the fact of this final action will stimulate subscriptions. The sum of $150,000 is understood to be already raised, but no one who has observed the extreme slowness with which money is collected for such purposes can anticipate a rapid completion of the subscription. We trust, however, that the committee will not be disappointed, and that there will be no other delay than that of the time necessary for the erection of the structure.

We are still of the opinion that some work for which the amount already raised would be adequate would have been the better choice. Monuments of the kind contemplated, it seems to us, should take the form either of some institution of charity or education, or of a memorial statue, as the central interest. In the present case the latter would be more feasible, and a noble equestrian statue of Grant would be a fitting and satisfactory monument, unless a building of unquestionable architectural merit could be secured.

That, of course, is one of the great difficulties in the scheme as now proposed. A reproduction of the Invalides in Paris, or of any other similar building, would hardly be satisfactory. If, however, imitation were to be considered, a column like that of Trajan, crowned by a figure, would be a very imposing object as seen from the river. However, whatever might have been the decision of the committee, there would have been great difference of opinion in the public mind, and as the decision is made, all that can be hoped is that the structure will be a worthy work of art and a fitting ornament of the city.

DUTY AND PRICE.

Senator Edmunds must be misrepresented when he is stated to have said that increase of duty has never increased the price of an article to the consumer. Mr. Dawes justified his vote for the enormous increase of the duty on tin, equivalent to about 120 per cent., by the aid it would furnish to the development of the tin manufacture here. But if those who are interested cannot begin work now owing to the low price, how can they begin at all if the increased duty leaves the price unchanged? The fancy that the foreign manufacturer really pays the duty will not avail, for the trouble is the price here, and if that remains the same the difficulty also remains. Mr. Edmunds must have been misreported.

CHINESE WARFARE.

In closing the debate on the tariff in the Senate, Mr. Hiscock said that "the Democratic Senators had surpassed their predecessors in charlatanism, demagogism, misrepresentation, and insincere professions of devotion to the industrial interests of the country." Would the Senator have felt himself answered if some Democrat had replied that the McKinley tariff bill was a scheme of demagogues to make the rich richer and the poor poorer; that its pretence of regard for American labor was a transparent humbug, because it both increases the cost of American production and the cost of living, reduces wages, and diminishes the opportunities of employment, destroys commerce, and fosters monopolies and trusts, and instead of a great measure on behalf of the American people, is merely the fulfilment of a contract made with a class to give them privilege under law if they would pay the expenses of the election?

Mr. Hiscock would probably treat such a reply with contempt. But does he suppose that any intelligent man in the country of any party treats in any other way his own assertion that a man is a demagogue, a charlatan, or a liar because he holds that taxation should be limited to the requirements of government economically administered?

ABSENTEES FROM CONGRESS.

A recent letter from Washington exhorts Republican absentees from the House to return, saying: "Until they return to duty the House is helpless; is at the mercy of a Democratic mob, most of whose members refuse to perform their constitutional duties, and who virtually repudiate the spirit of the solemn oath to which they subscribed when they were admitted to the rights and privileges of Representatives of the people." This is very amusing, because the House has a decided Republican majority, and there would be no delay whatever in the transaction of business if the members of the majority did not, by running away, "refuse to perform their constitutional duties, and virtually repudiate the spirit of the solemn oath to which they subscribed when they were admitted to the rights and privileges of Representatives of the people."

A SOLDIER'S VIEW.

That the recent letter of General Barlow on pensions expressed the views of great numbers of honorable soldiers we have never had any doubt. It is probably true that the best sentiment of the veterans of the war is opposed to a service pension as insulting to the patriotic devotion of American citizens. We have received with pleasure the following letter from the Michigan Soldiers' Home, which shows the feelings of the honorable American soldier:

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"In your paper of 30th ult. appears an editorial in regard to the action of the late encampment of the Grand Army on the pension question, which is deserving of a word or two of explanation. Almost all of the delegates to that encampment were elected before the passage of the dependent pension bill, and were acting under instructions from the several department encampments, instructions which would never have been given after the passage of the bill as it now stands, and yet they were instructions which many of the delegates could not see their way clear to violate. The address of Commander-in-Chief Alger referred to the present legislation in the strongest terms of commendation, and I know that the speech of General Butler referred to did not represent the views of those who listened to him, as could readily be seen by the manner in which it was received. I know that I speak the sentiments of the Grand Army when I say that this great nation has been more than generous in its treatment of the soldiers, and in repudiating any idea of a bargain. We went to the army because our country needed our services, with no thought as to the pay we were to receive, or the pensions to come afterward, and when the nation expresses itself willing to care for those who are unable to care for themselves, it has done more than its duty, it has acted with the greatest generosity.

"Yours, etc., James S. Crozier."

PERSONAL.

Among the other recent academical triumphs of English women must be included that of Miss Ann Frances Piercy, of the London School of Medicine for Women. At the intermediate examination in medicine in the University of London she gained triple first-class honors, taking first place, with exhibition and a gold medal, in materia medica, and second place, with a gold medal, in anatomy. Miss Piercy also excelled in physiology and histology, and was bracketed equal with two male candidates for the first class.

—Mary W. Whitney, who succeeded Maria Mitchell as Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, advocates the study of science for girls, with the express object of disciplining their emotional natures.

—O. S. Campbell, who has won the American amateur lawn-tennis championship this year by defeating H. W. Slocum, Jun., champion for the past two years, is a Columbia College student, and lives in Brooklyn.

—Bishop Potter has returned from Europe much improved in health.

—Dr. George F. Root, the author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and other war songs, is seventy years old, and lives in Chicago.

—President W. A. Quayle, of Baker University, at Baldwin, Kansas, is less than thirty years old, and enjoys the distinction of being probably the youngest college President in the world.

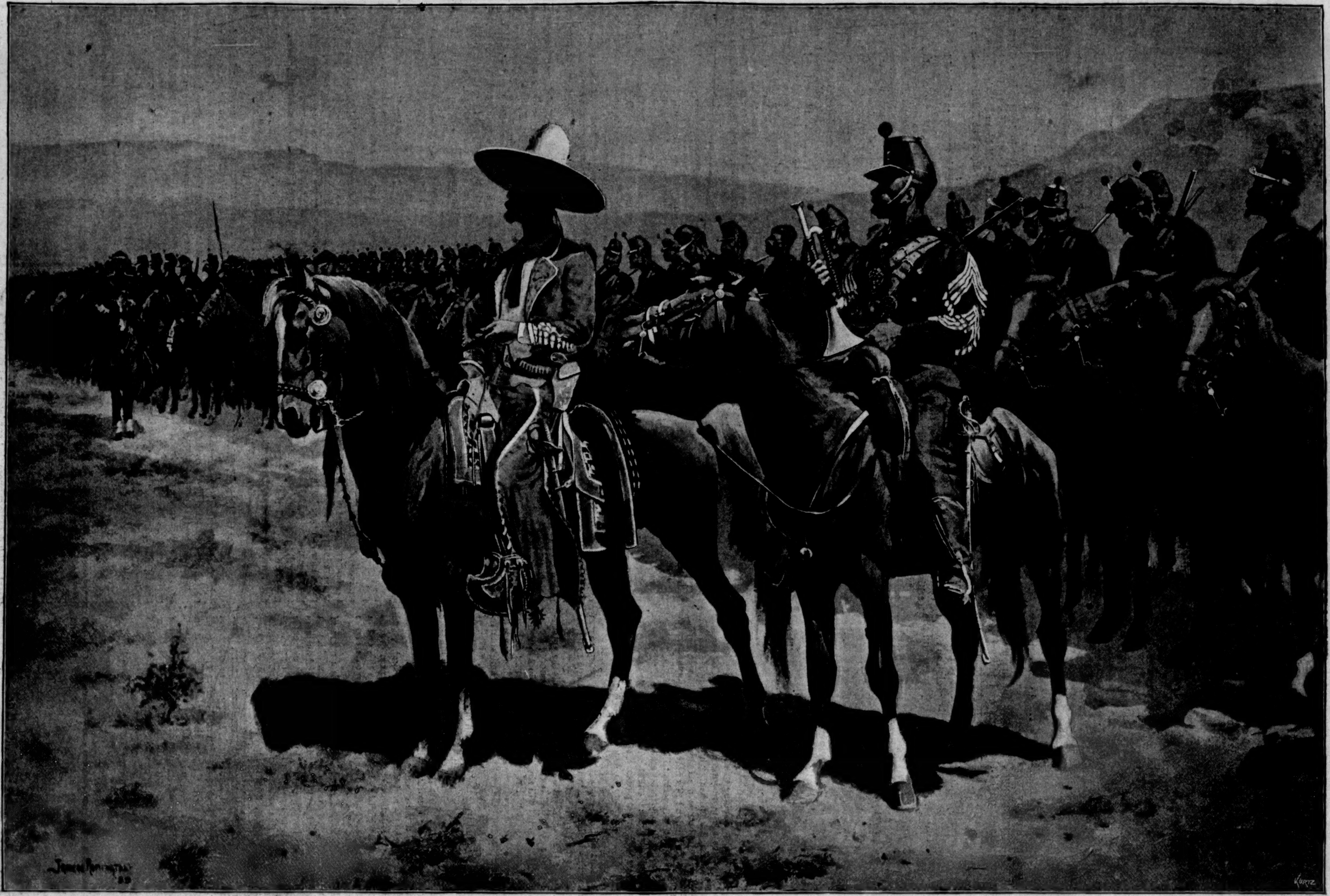
—Charles West Cope, the retired Royal Academician, and son of Charles Cope, the landscape painter, died recently at Bournemouth, England, at the age of seventy-nine years. Among his most famous works are eight frescoes in the Peers' galleries at Westminster Palace. Mr. Cope exhibited many pictures in the Royal Academy and at other galleries.

—The working-girls' clubs are to have an organ, a monthly journal called *Far and Near*, and Miss Maria Bowen Chapin is to be the editor.

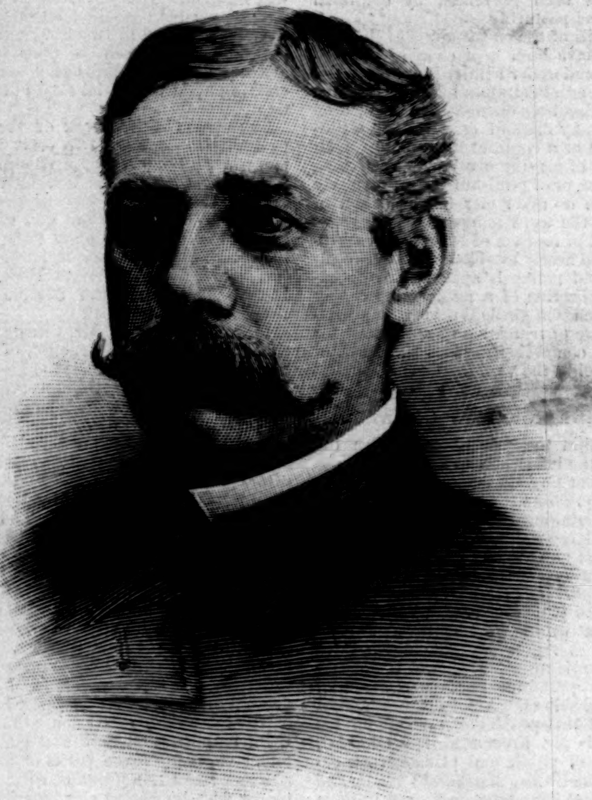
—The heart of Gambetta was removed and embalmed after his death, and Paul Bert, who had the matter in charge, intended to place it in the memorial erected to the statesman in Paris. This was not done, however, and as M. Bert died in Tonquin several years ago without leaving any memorandum in regard to the matter, the heart is supposed to be lost.

—The widow of President James K. Polk recently observed her eighty-seventh birthday at her home on the Polk place, near Nashville, Tennessee. Once a year the members of the State Legislature call on her, and she receives them with the dignity and courtesy due from an ex-mistress of the White House.

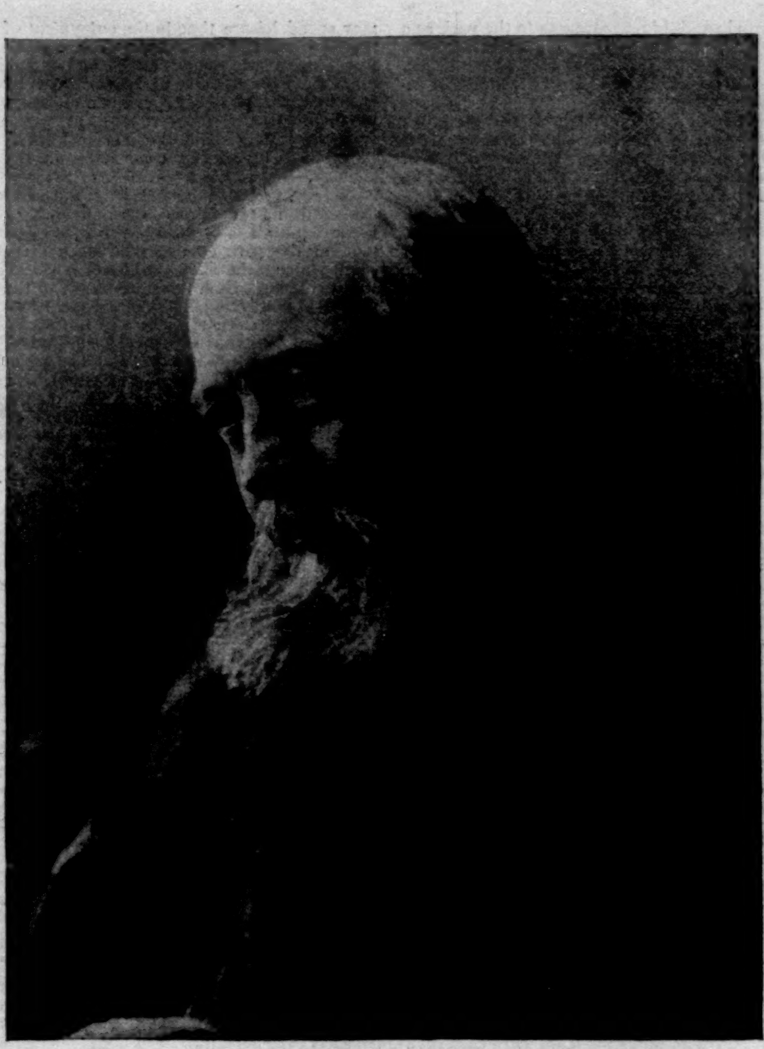
—Ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, was married recently to Miss Helen Magill, daughter of Ex-President Magill, of Swarthmore College, at Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. The ceremony was according to the Quaker form, no clergyman officiating. Mrs. White is about thirty-five years old, and a woman of rare intellectual accomplishments. Besides being graduated from Swarthmore and Boston University, she has pursued her studies abroad.



THE MEXICAN MAJOR.—FROM THE PAINTING BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 755.]



HON. FRANCIS E. WARREN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF WYOMING.
[See Page 755.]



FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT.—[See Page 754.]

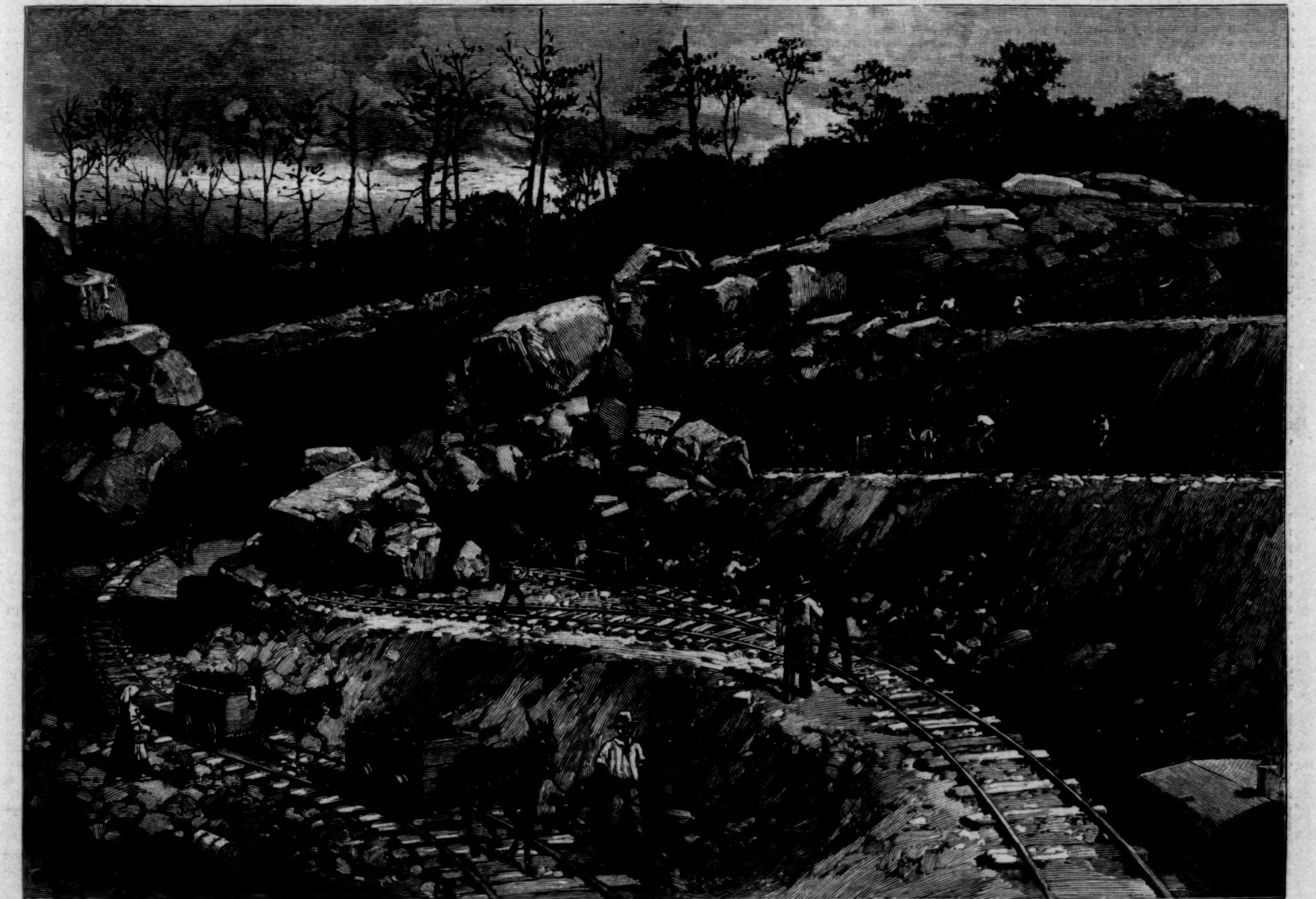
THE BOSTON PARK AND PARKWAY SYSTEM.

(*Continued from page 748, Supplement.*)

be called Music Court. The Little Folks' Fair, containing fourteen acres near the Greeting, is to be prepared as an especial ground for the recreation of children, and furnished with a great variety of appliances for their amusement. There is also in course of preparation another special ground, suitable for the quiet plays that can be participated in by young ladies, such as lawn-tennis and croquet. In connection with each of these grounds there will be houses, with matrons in charge, furnished with toilet and other conveniences.

The Deer Park, an area of eighteen acres, is to be arranged for a small herd, to be seen from the Greeting. At Refectory Hill refreshments are to be served, principally out-of-doors under a large pergola, or vine-clad trellis, upon a terrace which commands an outlook extending to a distant wooded horizon formed in part by the tree-tops of Forest Hill Cemetery, and in part by those of the Arboretum, two miles away. Sargent's Field, eight acres in extent, is to be a ball and tennis ground; Long Crouch Woods, covering twenty acres, with its sheltered southwestern slopes, now used as a rambling-ground, will probably be leased to the Natural History Society for a zoological garden; and the rocky sterile knoll known as the Steading is reserved for the commissioners' offices.

From Boylston Bridge at the Fens a shaded riding pad, six miles long, and from 24 feet to 30 feet wide, will extend to the park, and through it as far as the main entrance from the Playstead. There is a double riding course in the Greeting—one division in the centre alley, adjoining the carriage promenade, 40 feet wide; the other, a side alley 30 feet wide. Within the park the drives will be about six miles in length, the bridle roads two miles, and the walks 13 miles. The plan provides 10 carriage and foot entrances and eight addi-



A SURFACE CUT AT THE MORRIS IRON MINE AT REDDING NEAR BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.—[See Page 754.]

tional special foot entrances to the park as a whole, and five carriage entrances and two special foot entrances to the Country Park, all at points offering natural facilities of entrance.

The pivot of the general landscape design of Franklin Park lies near the centre, midway between the two hanging woods of Schoolmaster's Hill and Abbotswood. Looking in lines radiating from this point, a moderately broad view opens between simple bodies of forest, with a middle distance of quiet, slightly hollowed surfaces of turf or buskets, bracken, sweet-fern, or mosses, the backgrounds formed by wood-sides of a soft, even, subdued tone, with long, graceful, undulating sky-lines, which, according to the point of view of the observer in the park, will be from one to five miles away. From the Playstead district, and various other localities of the park, there is commanded to the southwest a broad and sweeping view, across a wide valley, of the Blue Hills of Milton, a low, picturesque mountain range five miles away, and in another direction are seen the Newton Hills.

Franklin Park possesses in a high degree the soothing charm which lies in the best rural scenery, and which is a potent influence to counteract the harmful effect produced on the mental and nervous system by the artificial conditions of town life. It affords to families living in the city during the summer the benefits of an extensive rural retreat, and the useful and refreshing influences afforded by pastoral scenery of a broadly quiet and simply natural character. Under the careful planning and forethought exercised in its inception, the benefit gained by the experience of other cities in park building, and the completeness of preparation that was made before the work was begun, the cost of preparing Franklin Park for public use will be much less than has been generally anticipated by those familiar with the cost of parks elsewhere. In the discriminating selection of a site to provide city people with rural recreation it stands first in the country. A considerable part of the outlay for most parks has been made for materials which the site of Franklin Park supplies. It is intended that the work of construction shall be completed in 1892, at a cost remarkably small by comparison with the relative cost of most parks of similar magnitude. When the designed plantings shall have been well established, Franklin Park will require comparatively little fine garden work, no structures of an unsubstantial class, and few of any kind subject to fall into serious disrepair, except roads and walks. All walls and roofs are to be of stone or wrought iron.

The estimated cost of constructing the entire Boston park system as now ordered will be at completion about $6,000,000. A large part of the money used in building parks in Boston would otherwise have been required and expended by other departments in the execution of necessary drainage, street, and sanitary purposes.

The Marine Park, now partly completed, is situated at City Point, the extreme end of the South Boston peninsula, nearly due east and about two and a half miles distant from the Common. Opposite the point, across half a mile of flats bare and unsightly at low tide, is Castle Island, on which stands Fort Independence. The first construction work done upon this park was the building in 1886 of a temporary wooden pier 1166 feet in length and 30 feet in breadth in a southeasterly direction from the shore line opposite East Fifth Street. This structure stands on piles. Its floor, about ten feet above mean high-water, is fitted with a railing and seats, and at the outer end is a shelter formed by a roof 357 feet in length. Upon its completion in the early summer of 1886 the pier, with the beach at its foot, became at once a place of popular resort, and it has since been thronged day and evening in the hot months by visitors seeking the fresh sea-breezes. With no artificial attraction save this pier, 40,000 people have visited the site of the Marine Park on a single pleasant Sunday.

Beginning at the outer end of this temporary pier, extended to a distance of 1250 feet from the shore, a permanent iron structure, 1460 feet in length, has been recently completed. This iron pier is built with its centre line on the arc of a circle of 2500 feet radius, curving toward the north. At low tide the depth of water along its side is from three feet to six and a half feet, at high tide usually 12 feet higher. This pier, which is used exclusively as a promenade, is 35 feet wide, with wrought-iron railings, and its floor, of diagonal hard pine planking, is 24½ feet above mean low-water. Every alternate post extends above the railing, and is fitted with a gas lamp. Its frame is of iron deck spans, supported on hollow cast-iron cylinders, or pier piles, of 4½ feet outside diameter, settled through from 24 to 29 feet of mud into the clay bottom, with their bases resting on and set in concrete, the piles being afterward filled with concrete. The pier head is an artificial island, somewhat pear-shaped in plan, built of gravel, with its outer line protected by a sloping wall of ballast and riprap, surmounted by a parapet of cut granite. At the side toward the iron pier there is an abutment of masonry laid in cement mortar, and in the centre a circular wall has been built to serve as a foundation for a large circular iron structure, three stories in height, with open sides and railings, where visitors may spend leisure time in the enjoyment of the view and the sea-breezes. The wooden pier is eventually to be removed, and its site, filled in with earth, is to be occupied by bathing-houses, a refectory, and an orchestra pavilion.

In the waters about the Marine Park is the principal yachting rendezvous in the country. Upon the north side of the pier is the anchorage of the ocean flyers, and to the south lie the numerous small craft of the mosquito fleet of local yachtsmen. The plan of this park comprises a beach drive carried along the shore and over a causeway to be built from the shore north of the pier to Castle Island, making the circuit of the fort. Between the pier and the causeway there will thus be formed a beautiful sheltered bay or water park of horseshoe shape, its extremities formed by Castle Island on one side and the great iron pier on the other, and its shore a graceful stretch of smooth beach a mile in length. In the almost landlocked bay which it encloses, a great marine aquarium is to be established by the Natural History Society. The operation of dredging is now going on with the view to excavate the flats within the bay to a depth sufficient to secure water for pleasure sailing at all stages of the tide; there will thus be afforded a rendezvous for pleasure-boats, and opportunity under safe conditions for rowing, canoeing, sailing, swimming, and other aquatic sports.

The pier is carried out far enough from the western headland of the bay to open to view two fine expanses of natural scenery, one toward the ocean, and the other toward the head of Dorchester Bay. At the entrance to the pier there is to be a concourse for carriages; and landward, beyond the pleasure driveway at the head of the beach, will be laid a walk shaded by a double row of trees, back of which scattered trees, shrubbery, and grass will extend to the inland boundary of the park. Standing under the trees on the west side, the observer's prospect will take in the entire park, with the pier, Castle Island, the ship channel, and the upper harbor, with its islands and shores. Looking landward from the bay or the beach drive, he will have before him a body of foliage with an unbroken and gracefully continuous sky-line, and an irregular face affording a pleasing play of light and shade upon a field of turf sloping to the driveway.

Although the leading intentions of the original design for the construction of the Marine Park will be followed, the plan of the work is subject to variation in details. The commissioners found considerable difficulty in the matter of obtaining permission of the national government to connect the Marine Park with Castle Island. A joint resolution of Congress granting the city of Boston permission to improve and beautify Castle Island, and connect it by a causeway with the main-land in connection with public parks, was vetoed in 1888 by President Cleveland, on the ground that the proposition was inconsistent with military or defensive uses of the island. But during the present year the matter was again presented to Congress, the resolution was again passed, and with the President's approval was brought to a successful conclusion.

The Marine Park is easily reached by lines of street railways from every part of the city, and is similarly connected with Brookline, Cambridge, and other suburban towns. From its western border a spacious parkway is to be built westerly along the shore of the bay for the distance of a mile, in the direction of the other recreation grounds of the park system. The necessary land for this purpose—145 acres—has already been acquired. This parkway will connect, by means of Boston and Columbia streets widened, with Franklin Park. The causeway, Swett Street, lying across South Bay — which street is to be improved and widened—will join this water-side parkway with the wide, handsome, verdurous avenues East and West Chester parks, thereby forming a pleasing, direct route from the Marine Park to the Fens of the Back Bay. When the necessary widening of streets has been done, and the designed parkways are completed, the entire system of parks from Charles River to City Point will thus be united by a circuit of spacious and pleasant avenues. It is probable that this pleasure drive and promenade to be built from the Marine Park southwesterly around the shore of the bay will eventually be extended to Franklin Park, completing the circuit of a beautiful and unbroken parkway route.

At East Boston, separated by an arm of the sea from the nearest link in the parkway system, is the Wood Island Park, comprising about eighty acres of upland and flats. A causeway called the Neptune Road connects it with the main-land, and some work has been done upon the island in pursuance of a plan which comprehends a play-ground, walks, trees, shrubbery, and turf. The citizens of the Charlestown district beyond the Charles River are moving in the matter of securing a park upon the Mystic River, and the construction of a recreation ground in that locality will undoubtedly be begun at a not remote future time. For several years the subject has been under consideration of the reforesting of the islands and headlands in Boston Harbor, which now present a bare, bleak aspect, and some steps have been taken toward making the experiment. These tracts were formerly well wooded, but having once been cleared of their forests, a second timber growth has been prevented by continual cropping and pasturing.

The details of the construction of the Boston parks have been kept clear of political influences, and under neither Republican nor Democratic administration has it been shown that a man has been dismissed or a man been enlisted in any class of employment, a purchase made or a contract manipulated, with any motive of serving a party, of rewarding party service, or of punishing failure of party service. In no other city has a custom of conducting the work independently both of politics and of motives of temporary expediency been so nearly established. The result of this sound policy is apparent in the advancing realization of a park and parkway system which will girdle Boston with a magnificent chain of recreation grounds, that for variety and comprehensiveness will be without a parallel in the world.

MR. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED.

Until within the present generation the services of the landscape architect, or, to use the equivalent English expression, landscape gardener, were but little in demand in America. The beginning of public park construction in the large cities of the United States, in which that great work the New York Central Park was one of the earliest and most famous, soon demonstrated the far-reaching advantages to be obtained in the employment of competent professional advice and superintendence in the laying out of expensive public and private grounds, and it brought into fortunate prominence the occupation of landscape architect. Among the foremost members of this profession throughout the world stands Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, whose field of public and private work extends over the United States and Canada, and whose services have been employed in most of the principal operations of park construction in America.

With a marked natural talent and predilection for the class of work in which he has produced such magnificent and gratifying results, Mr. Olmsted has exhibited in his profession an exalted conception of the artistic strength that lies in the enhancement and development of natural landscape features, in the place of the conventional forms of artificial decoration once regarded as of first importance in park construction. The widest scope of tranquil human recreation that comes from the contemplation of rural scenery, with the attendant mental and physical benefit, is considered and provided for in whatever work he plans. With the imaginative force that displays itself in broad and picturesque designs he unites the ability of attaining with precision the finished results of his conceptions through careful execution of details; and his eminent executive capacity has been strengthened by the experience of a lifetime of conscientious study and close and intelligent observation.

Mr. Olmsted, who was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1822, studied agricultural science and engineering at Yale College in 1845-6, after which he became a practical farmer, continuing to follow this occupation for several years. In 1850 he made a pedestrian tour through Great Britain and portions of the European continent. Several years later he made another journey through France, Italy, and Germany, during which tour he paid especial attention to the study of parks and rural arts. In 1856 and 1857, in association with Mr. Calvert Vaux, he prepared plans and estimates for the building of the New York Central Park, which were adopted by the Board of Commissioners. For the next four years he was engaged, with Mr. Vaux, in superintending the construction of this famous park in accordance with these designs, during which time he again, in 1859, visited Europe and examined various public works.

It was during the first three years of the American civil war that Mr. Olmsted performed the most difficult and important duties incurred in any of the great undertakings of his busy life, in carrying forward the working details of the Sanitary Commission, of which organization he was the General Manager. In the words of Charles J. Stillé, in his *History of the United States Sanitary Commission:* "The qualities required [in the General Manager] were to unite great administrative ability with unswerving faith and reliance upon great fundamental principles of policy, and his capacity was to be tested in a field of labor perfectly new and hitherto wholly unexplored, at least in this country. The commission, after a good deal of deliberation, decided that Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, at that time Architect in Chief and Superintendent of Central Park in New York, possessed the essential qualities requisite for the position, and he was induced to accept it. From his earnestness of purpose and extraordinary power of organizing labor in a new field, his incorruptible integrity, and rarest administrative ability, his appointment was universally regarded as a sure guarantee of the success of the commission's plans."

The successful practical working of this vast humane organization and its incalculable importance in alleviating the sufferings and in maintaining the effectiveness of the Union armies in the field are well understood and gratefully appreciated matters of history. When, near the beginning of the year 1863, the idea of forming the patriotic association soon to be famous as the Union League Club was first conceived, Mr. Olmsted was one of the first persons consulted, and his views and advice, embodied in two letters, had an important bearing upon the purposes and organization of this influential society, then entering upon the initial stages of its formation.

Subsequent to his work on the Sanitary Commission he spent two years in California, and while there was a commissioner of the National Park of the Yosemite. Returning to New York, he was engaged, in 1866, with Mr. Vaux, to lay out and superintend the construction of Prospect Park, in Brooklyn; and afterward, in association with the same gentleman, the South Park, Chicago; Buffalo Park; and the Seaside Park of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Later work which Mr. Olmsted has designed, and in the construction of which he is or has been connected, is the Mount Royal Park, Montreal; the Capitol grounds and the Zoological Park in Washington; two large public parks in Rochester, New York; and public parks at Trenton, New Jersey, and Wilmington, Delaware. The laying out of the grounds of the Leland Stanford University in California, the Vanderbilt estate at Biltmore, North Carolina, and advisory services with regard to two extensive establishments in Colorado intended as places of public resort, are among the more recent of the works that he has taken in hand.

The principal undertaking with which Mr. Olmsted now is associated as landscape architect advisory is a project of a magnitude commensurate with his great work at Central Park, and in area, scope, and variety of detail it surpasses that deservedly famous and delightful public recreation ground. This work is the Boston park and parkway system, comprising seven parks or unique and spacious recreation grounds, rural in character, or with landscape elements designed in combination with marine features, which, connected by wide and handsome boulevards, will form a great pleasure zone encompassing that principal part of the city which lies south and east of the Charles River. Mr. Olmsted's residence is near Boston, at the beautiful suburban town of Brookline, where, by the shore of a picturesque lake, in grounds embowered in trees and shrubbery, he has his home and maintains the office in which the varied and extensive works of landscape improvements committed to his charge are designed, and from which his supervisory care radiates over his wide field of park construction the country over. He is now associated in his profession with his son, Mr. J. C. Olmsted, and another young landscape architect, Mr. Henry Sargent Codman.

In addition to the many valuable contributions that he has given to the literature of his profession, Mr. Olmsted is the author of several interesting books founded upon his travels and observations. He wrote *The Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England* in 1852, *A Journey in the Sea-board Slave States* in 1856, *A Journey through Texas* in 1857, *A Journey in the Back Country* in 1860, and *The Cotton Kingdom* in 1861. The books pertaining to the Southern States have been described by very high authority as the most complete philosophical account ever published of the condition of the Southern country before the war. As a writer, his productions are marked by a clear, incisive style and the apt and forceful use of language, and his literary matter is indicative of the close observer and deep and clear thinker. In the field of his profession, which he interprets sympathetically and widely, he unites with the æsthetic taste and accurate forecast requisite to the production of desired effects, so conspicuously shown in his many great public landscape works, the humanity, thoughtfulness, and broad provisions of the social economist and philanthropist.

AN ALABAMA IRON MINE.

BIRMINGHAM, Alabama, has been built within the last fifteen years into an exceedingly lively community of some 50,000 people (counting the closely connected suburbs), by reason of the extraordinary assemblage in that locality of iron ore, coal, limestone, and other valuable minerals and earths which are easily accessible. The Appalachian Mountain system extends southwestwardly from the corner of Alabama to near its centre, and, as is the case northward, abounds in minerals. West of the abrupt Lookout ridges the great valley of Virginia and East Tennessee is continued in the long depression known in Alabama as Jones Valley, the eastern side of which is marked by broken hills of no great height. In Lookout Mountain, as far south as Gadsden, and in Red Mountain, by which name it continues southward until it disappears in central Alabama, iron ores occur in great quantities, but no coal. The hills west of the valley, on the other hand, are seamed with coal, but contain no iron. In Jefferson County the valley narrows, and the iron and coal are brought within a mile or two of one another, and here, about 1872, a company of shrewd capitalists purchased some large tracts of mineral lands in both hill ranges, together with an area of old cotton lands between them for a town site.

The reason why this particular spot, 140 miles south of Chattanooga, was chosen rather than some other situation in the long valley was because there was here a gap in Red Mountain through which the railways which were projected to cross the State in several directions could conveniently pass. Where these roads would converge, supplying wide transportation facilities, was the place for the large mining and smelting operations contemplated, around which a big population was expected to accumulate.

Birmingham has met these expectations in all particulars. Six railways are here, and more coming. There are now twenty-five furnaces in its immediate neighborhood, and a great many mines of iron and coal, and quarries of limestone (for flux), building material, and glass sand. Timber is abundant and cheap for making ordinary brick and fire-brick. The presence of iron furnaces and coal and coke has induced the establishment here of several rolling-mills, the setting up of railway and other machine shops, foundries, stove works, and a great number of iron-using industries. Similarly the adjacent forests of hard-wood timber have caused car works and wood-working factories to be started here; and in the train of these have come many other industries, so that Birmingham has advanced and is still advancing with rapid strides.

The making of iron is, however, the main thing, and it has been successful here because of the cheapness with which it and the fuel can be mined, and all the raw materials necessary to smelting brought together.

The iron ore of this district is almost exclusively the red fossiliferous hematite. The brown hematite or limonite, so common in Tennessee and Virginia, is not present at all in this immediate neighborhood, and occurs sparingly everywhere in central Alabama. Unlike that ore, which is deposited in lenticular, disconnected beds, the red ore is a regular stratum, or rather two thick strata separated by a thin layer of shale, which is conformable with the other carboniferous rocks between which it lies. It forms one of the uppermost layers in the pile of inclined strata that constitutes the Red Mountain range, cropping out for over forty miles in the abrupt northwestern face of that line of hills, and dipping down toward the southeast at an angle of about thirty-five degrees. It is overlain with a varying thickness of soft rocks and earth which form the southern surface of the mountain, but on the northern side its edge and great quantities of fallen fragments are exposed in the crags or only slightly hidden under the soil.

These iron strata are each from eight to twenty feet thick, and are separated by only a few inches of worthless rock, so that practically the mass of iron ore is from sixteen to forty feet in thickness, outcrops for forty or fifty miles, and extends indefinitely southeastward of the crest of Red Mountain, going deeper and deeper as it is followed.

It is a strange kind of ore, for it consists wholly of a mass of comminuted shells, corals, corallines, bryozoans, sponges, and so forth—in fact, all the small sea life which lived in the carboniferous ocean and wore shells or had silicious or calcareous armor or skeletons. These shells and skeletons were pounded into fragments on the ocean beach, and then cemented together precisely as the *coquina* of Florida is now being formed. After or during this process carbonated waters bearing iron infiltrated throughout the mass, and the whole stratum was impregnated and to a great extent replaced by iron. A short interruption occurred, and then the succeeding stratum was built up in just the same way.

Where this ore has been exposed to air and water near the surface, or by means of deep crevices, the ore has decomposed and will sometimes crumble like sand; and it has been oxidized or rusted into a light red color. This kind is called "soft" ore by the miners. Underneath this, however, the unaltered ore appears to be hard, brittle, and silvery black, and its structure of broken fossils can easily be seen. The "soft" ore has lost much of its lime, is high in silica, and carries about 43 per cent. of iron; the "hard" kind has more lime and about 47 per cent., on the average, of metallic iron.

The most extensive iron mine near Birmingham is that at Redding, some six miles southeast of the city, and about three hundred feet above it, and will serve as a good example of the ease and cheapness with which this ore can be obtained here. The bed crops out at the crest of the "mountain," and the first beginning was made by simply picking down the loose face of the cliff. Then the soil and thin surface rock were stripped away, and iron blasted and picked out exactly as one would excavate a railway cut or quarry building stone. Miniature tramways were laid into the cutting as it progressed, and the cars loaded and pushed out to the platform at the edge of the quarry. If the fragments required to be broken, they were tipped into a crusher, from the bottom of which they ran directly into the cars of the Mineral Railway, a branch line of the Louisville and Nashville, which ramifies to every mine, quarry, and furnace in the region, and handles nine-tenths of all the raw materials got out. In these open cuts, which are now of great extent and depth, the ore is often so disintegrated that it is shovelled up like sand; but this is just as good as the rest.

Finally there comes a time when it is not profitable to cut deeper into the surface, and then tunnels are run in from the base of the hill, and drifts and chambers are driven up to the vein laterally. Here, again, the operation is mining under the least embarrassment and in the cheapest way. This cheapness of getting out the ore, and a similar cheapness in getting out the coal and burning it into coke, is the secret of the advantage the Alabama iron-masters possess over their competitors. Their labor costs them about as much, all things considered, as it would in the North. The excellence of the pig made from this red fossil ore, either alone or when mixed with brown ore, has been proved, and it has already driven Scotch irons almost entirely from the American market.

GOVERNOR WARREN, OF WYOMING.

The result of the Wyoming election was in doubt for almost a week, but the first reports turned out to be true, and the entire Republican ticket was successful by majorities ranging from 2000 down.

Francis E. Warren is the present Governor of Wyoming. He lives at Cheyenne, Laramie County, the capital and only considerable town in the new State. He is President of the Live Stock Company, of the May Mercantile Company, of the Cheyenne Electric Light Company, of the Cheyenne Gas Company, and of the Cheyenne Carriage Company, and is a director of the Cheyenne and Northern Railway, and a large stockholder in the Cheyenne Street Railway Company.

No one could possibly allege that Governor Warren's interests are not identified with the new State, but it was urged against him that he is a capitalist and out of sympathy with the common people. The Democratic candidate, George W. Baxter, was young and able, and as a cattle-man commanded great sympathy, and ran ahead of his ticket.

Governor Warren's name has been "mentioned" as a probable candidate for one of Wyoming's seats in the United States Senate. The present Delegate to Congress, Joseph M. Carey, is to have one Senatorship, according to the rumored programme of the Republican managers. The new Representative in Congress is C. D. Clark, who has been District Attorney in Vinita County, where Mormons most do congregate.

The Warren-Carey "machine," it is alleged, dictated all these nominations; and if that is so, and there is a "machine," it seems to have done everything according to pattern, and the election is an "endorsement" for the present office-holders.

It is worthy of note that although women are allowed to vote in Wyoming, there was not a single feminine candidate on either ticket in the recent election, and that women do not take any conspicuous part in primary meetings, conventions, or other party gatherings.

A MEXICAN MAJOR.

The scene is an arid upland in a white glare of sunlight beneath an unchanging clear blue sky. On this Mexican plateau the ground is dusty; the only vegetation in sight is scattered dry grass, the spiny cactus, and the Spanish-bayonet and other larger forms of the spiky yucca. The distant barren mountain ranges seem in the thin lucent air to be near at hand. In this desert landscape a detachment of Mexican cavalry is drawn up in line ready to set out on the march. The swarthy soldiers resting at ease in their saddles as they await the order to move have an equipment not essentially unlike a United States frontier cavalry regiment. The bugler holds his instrument in hand in readiness to give the call to march. The subordinate officers are in place along the line. Amid the conventionally uniformed troopers the strikingly picturesque figure of the scene is the superb officer who sits his horse so erectly in the foreground just in front of the bugler. It is the Mexican Major in command of the left wing of the detachment, who is evidently watching his Colonel about to give the order to march. He is an impressive figure in his short jacket, loose riding pantaloons, and high, wide-brimmed sombrero, all his costume heavy with braid and other ornaments of silver. His saddle and bridle are adorned with silver trappings, and with sabre at side and revolver at belt he bestrides his horse a figure alert, martial, and proud. He is, in his quaint costume, the thorough type of the officer on duty, with all the *esprit* of his profession, and whether in the disciplining of his force or in his conduct toward an enemy in arms he is little likely to be swayed by sentimental or merciful considerations from the carrying out to the letter the orders of his official superiors or his individual ideas of military duty.

The purpose of the march about to begin is perhaps merely a change of a garrison from one post to another; or some Mexican state may show symptoms of revolution, and its political affairs require readjustment; in which case its pacification will be summarily effected through the means of the federal troops, the pernicious activity of the disturbing element being permanently suppressed through the agency of a corporal and file of men with the convincing and quieting argument of ball cartridges at twelve paces. An Indian campaign may be on foot, in which case Mexican cavalry are dreaded enemies even to the fleet-riding Apaches. Hardy and indefatigable, living principally on Indian corn and beans, with practically no baggage train or commissariat to impede, this cavalry scours the plain and penetrates difficult mountain regions, moving with a celerity and certainty unattainable by more cumbrously equipped troops. The horses which they ride, while larger than those which the Mexican cavalry rode in a former day, are smaller than Kentucky horses; but are wiry, fleet, enduring animals, light of foot, and very effective for a short dash. They can live upon little, and pick up a subsistence where larger, more carefully trained horses would starve. They are finely managed by their riders, and steeds and troopers make light of the all-day's march, with its heat and uprolling clouds of dust; sustained by the simplest fare, they satisfy their thirst at the infrequent rivulets meandering half lost down the middle of wide sandy channels across their route, or the muddy pools which, at long distances apart, mark the stages of the march. Campaigning against the Apaches, they follow them hard, and when they come upon them far away from their mountain fastnesses, are apt to make the situation trying for the fleet and wily redskins. The Mexican soldier is of the country born, and the trace of Arab blood that he possesses through the Moorish-Spanish strain of his ancestry does not hurt him as a campaigner upon the high desert plateaus, in the dry rarefied air of which is an exhilaration that to the native makes endurance easy and difficulties light to meet.

In estimating the quality of the Mexican soldiers of to-day one would greatly err in confounding them with the undisciplined, ill-armed, ill-fed levies unwillingly forced into the ranks, and driven to meet the confident, well-equipped United States troops during the Mexican war of 1846. The conditions now are far different. The struggle against the foreign invader during the epoch of Maximilian's reign, and the practice gained in encountering in battle and often beating the courageous, highly disciplined French soldiers, developed the military spirit inherent in the Mexicans, and gave them confidence; and from their opponents they learned lessons in warfare which they have not forgotten in later times. The growth of a national spirit arising from the memory of success against a foreign foe and from the evident increased stability and strength of the federal government has vastly helped the prestige and morale of the Mexican soldiery. The Mexican is quick to fight for honor in private or public quarrel, and in his character there is a strong element of fatalistic indifference to the preservation of his life that makes him, when under good leaders, a dangerous opponent. The handling of weapons is his delight, and of all ways to die he would choose to be shot. The Mexican soldiers are generally armed with the Remington rifle or carbine, the sabres used being largely of American manufacture. Until the cessation of the Apache wars in 1886 a large part of the Mexican soldiery had constantly to be kept on the northern frontier, in readiness to meet and pursue bands of hostile Indians, which afforded an excellent military training school, and contributed to keep them in an effective condition and state of discipline.

Since the close of Maximilian's reign Mexico's military strength has steadily increased, owing in part to the political conditions of that country. To the government the army has been a necessity, to support it against revolution and render its decrees efficient; hence the party in power has always directed its earnest attention to keep it in good condition and in readiness to act. When General Porfirio Diaz was firmly installed at the head of the government, and felt strongly enough intrenched in power to institute the reforms he has at heart, he reorganized the federal forces, and made it his endeavor to raise them to an equality with the troops of other nations. He reduced the numbers of the scattered forces, concentrated them, and made of them a compact and serviceable army. The old system of compulsory recruiting, the cause of inanity, discontent, and constant desertion, has been done away with, although a large proportion of the Mexican troops is composed of persons who, having violated the criminal laws, have accepted the choice of enlistment in the army in place of going to prison; thus to call the Mexican army a volunteer service is of questionable accuracy.

The new military judicial code of 1879 was laid before the Mexican Congress, and the ordinance was approved by President Diaz in September, 1880. President Gonzalez completed the details of the work in 1881, and in June he issued a decree establishing a complete and definite military organization. Mexico's army, which in numbers is about the same as that of the United States, is maintained, with its navy of four gun-boats, at a yearly cost of about $8,000,000. In addition to the garrisons of federal forces each state also has militia of its own, which takes the place of a police force to a considerable extent, guarding the prisons and serving as the reserve force to the local police.

The development of the military strength of Mexico has been greatly helped by the soldierly character of the Presidents that have held office since the re-establishment of the republic after the overthrow of Maximilian. With a business-like government, the leading purpose of which is the rapid development of the country, the power of the army must be relied on to insure its stability. This power for a long time has been held wholly in the hand of that friend of progress, the great civil and military administrator, General Diaz, whose capacity for work is enormous, and whose efforts to elevate Mexico among the world's nations are tireless and ceaseless. A typical commander, he is the man to win and hold the affection and loyalty of an army, and he retains his soldierly habits in the height of his exalted station. He is an early riser, temperate, and given only to manly sports, such as hunting, and the daily rides on his fine saddle-horses.

The officering of the Mexican army is feeling the good effects of the careful education of cadets at a military institute of high character. Dating back almost to the time of the establishment of the republic, efforts have been made in this direction. As early as the year 1833 a system of military schools was attempted, but the first instruction of soldiers of the line occurred in 1839, under Santa Anna, who instituted primary schools. Between 1840 and 1843 the military school was established at Chapultepec, and its cadets established their reputation for fighting qualities by the desperate valor which they displayed when the United States troops, under General Pillow, stormed that historic hill on the morning of September 13, 1847. In 1867 Juarez re-established the military academy at Tacubaya, whence it has since been removed to Chapultepec, where the existing institution maintains a course of instruction and discipline that compares not unfavorably with West Point. In the reorganization of the Mexican army it was, for reasons of state, deemed best to remove from places of military power those persons whose inaptitude for change might tend to cause disaffection among the troops; and to secure a more complete co-operation in the formation and perpetuation of the new order of things, many of the older officers were placed on the retired list under pay. Most of the Mexican officers now in commission date their appointment from a time since 1876.

THE DRIVE AT LAKE HARRIET.

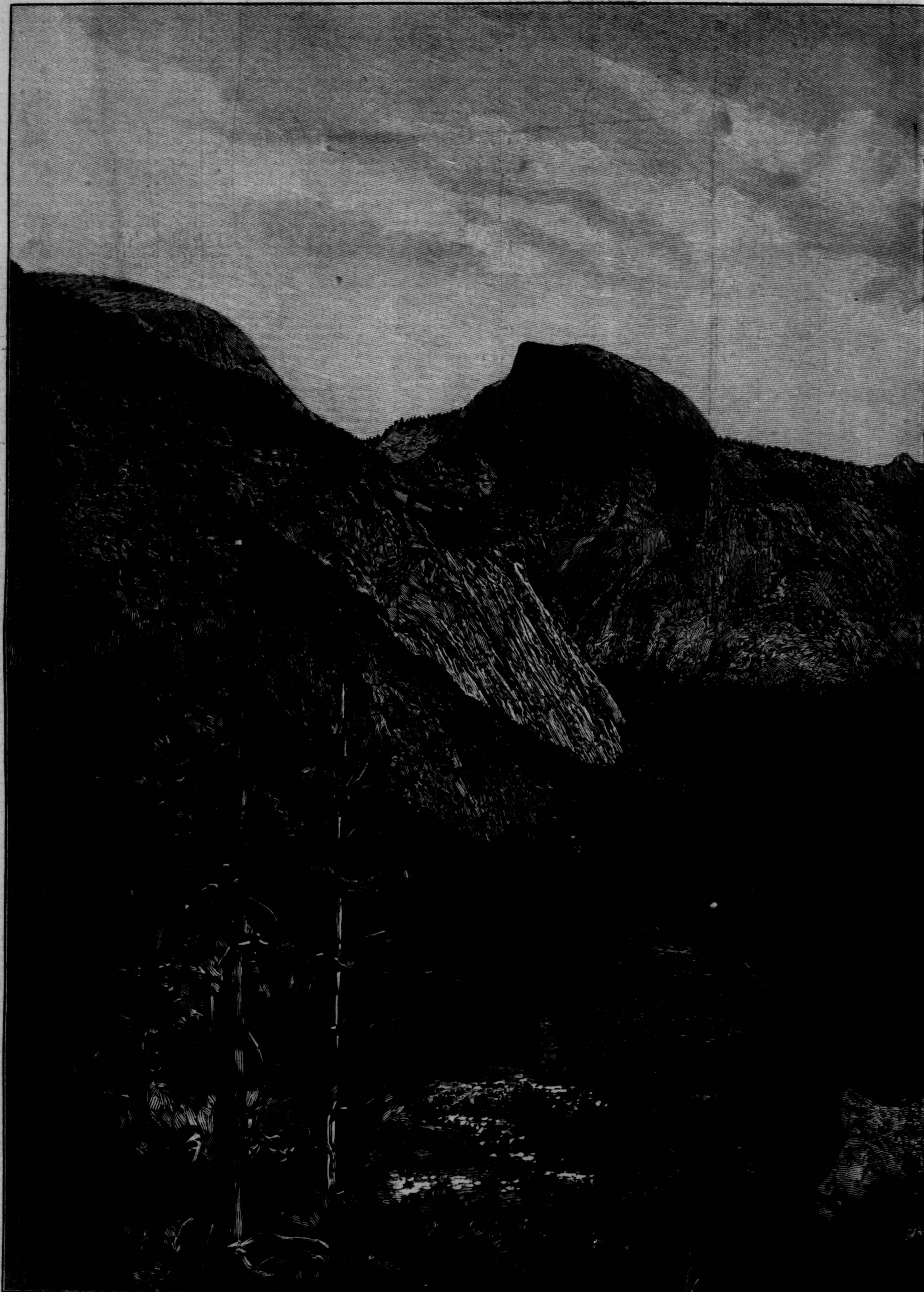
Minnesota, it is well known, is a State of lakes, and the picture which Mr. Rogers has given in this week's issue of the Weekly depicts a gay moonlight scene at Lake Harriet, one of the small, picturesque resorts near Minneapolis. The drive at Lake Harriet, which consists of a firm, pebbly shore, is one of the favorites in that part of Minnesota, and the gay throng so admirably represented in the picture may be seen there almost any evening in summer.

The people of the Northwest have little need to go away from home during the hot months for purposes of health or recreation. On the contrary, many of the best-known residents have erected beautiful cottages near the various lakes, where they entertain parties of friends from a distance throughout the season; and this, together with the brilliant summer life of the hotels, forms a population at once varied and interesting. The opportunity for character study is very rich at Lake Harriet, as it is at other summer resorts. The fair young equestriennes, whose youthful figures fit so gracefully into the scene, are doubtless the heroines of many a pretty romance, while the equally interesting occupants of the carriages are the representatives of many charming phases of life, of which some of the happiest homes in the nation furnish the harmonious background.

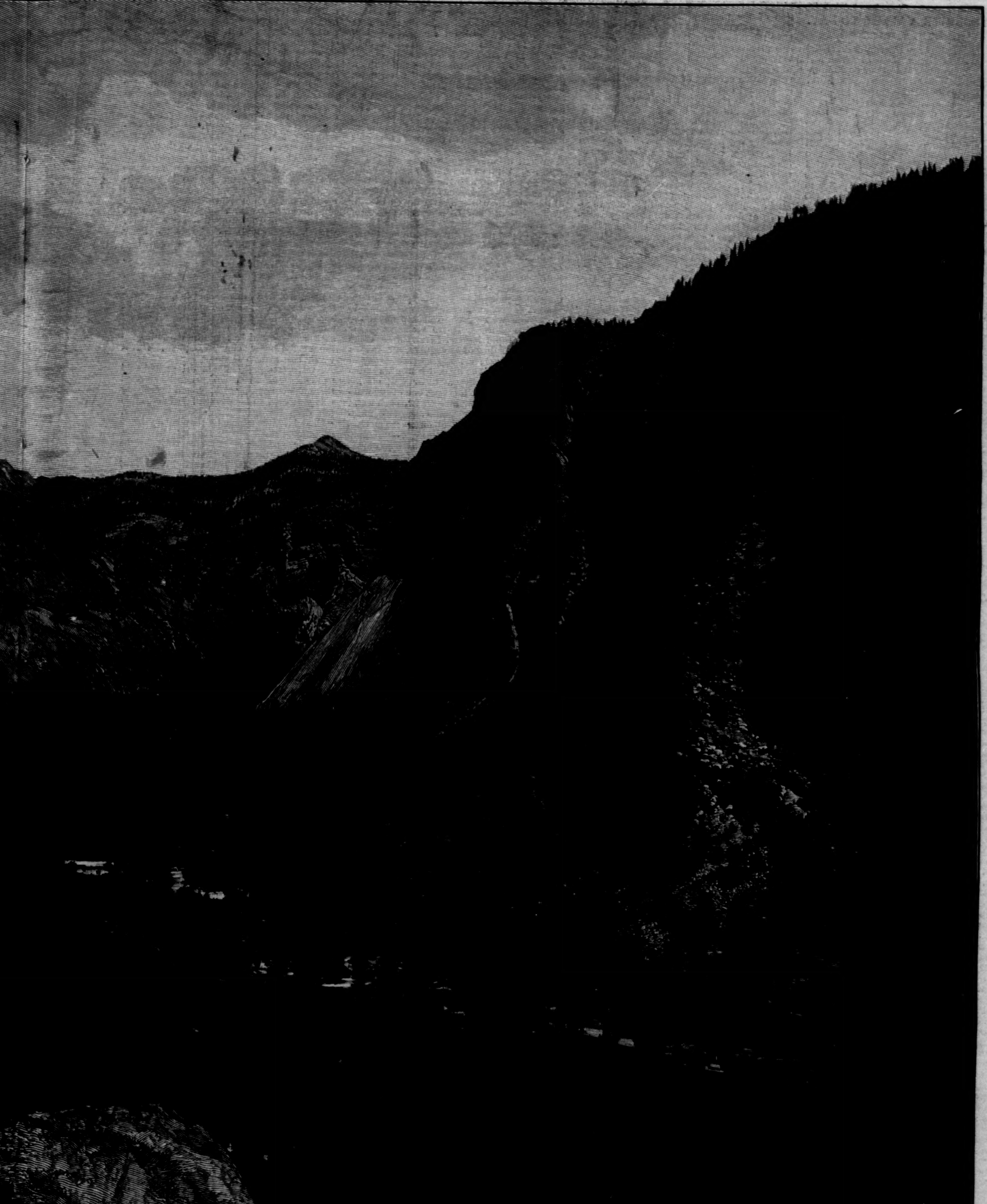
Among the men's figures may presumably be traced some of the most substantial citizens of Minneapolis, whose indomitable industry and energy have been prominent factors in the wonderful development of that healthful and growing city. A city which furnishes so vast a region with that most necessary of all commodities, the one from which bread is manufactured, may well be proud of her chief industry, and of the stalwart men who protect and encourage it by their vigilant and unceasing attention to business. The tourists who mingle in the throng represent many different nationalities, professions, and types of life. As a rule, they are a much-travelled people, but nowhere have they found a more invigorating atmosphere than that which greets their senses along the shores of Minnesota's lakes.

As for the natural beauty of the scene, it can hardly be surpassed. Lake Harriet, although small, and not so well known as Minnetonka and Minnehaha, is yet one of the most picturesque spots in the region, lying within easy driving distance to the southwest of Minneapolis. Just how the lake received its name is not accurately known, although tradition has it that the first schoolteacher in Minnesota bore the name of Harriet, and it is more than probable that this good woman thus left the State a legacy which will be perpetuated forever.

Among the small neighboring lakes are those known as Cedar and Calhoun, which, with Lake Harriet, share a wide-spread reputation for exceptional beauty of landscape. Lake Calhoun has always been known in Minnesota as the classic lake, because of the existence of several beautiful legends, which some poetic genius conceived in the early days. The shores of these lakes are composed largely of gravel and pebbles, which form a firm, solid road-bed, and their waters are shallow, cool, and clear, being peculiarly free from the boggy marsh and the treacherous morass which characterize the lake waters of the South. Lake Harriet is connected with Minneapolis by a motor line, which makes it easy of access to all classes. A cemetery, which attracts a great deal of attention on account of its romantic situation, lies between lakes Harriet and Calhoun.



THE UPPER YOSEMITE VALLEY, FROM EAGLE POINT TRAI



AIL.—From a Photograph by W. H. Jackson & Co., Denver.—[See Page 758.]

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY TO-DAY.

BY HENRY T. FINCK.

About 2400 years ago Herodotus described the pyramids of Egypt, some of which had then been in existence at least an equal number of years. Yet in this year, 1890 A. D., tourists still write articles on the pyramids for newspaper syndicates and magazines. Perhaps, in view of this fact, it will not seem so very preposterous to attempt a fresh description of the Yosemite Valley, which was virgin soil and unknown to civilized man less than forty years ago, and the "twenty-two wonders" of which are as much more varied in their interest than the pyramids as the works of nature in general are superior to those of man. Moreover, in view of the proposed enlargement of the Yosemite Reservation, and the dangers of devastation to which the valley has been exposed in recent years, it is desirable to bring to the public attention as often and as vividly as possible the fact that in the heart of the California Alps the American people possess perhaps the most romantic and sublime mountain region in the world, and certainly the most astounding collection of water-falls, precipitous cliffs, domes, and floral and arboreal wonders to be found on any continent. The opinion is gaining ground that the United States government made a great mistake in intrusting this unique treasure to so irresponsible a body as a State Legislature, on which it is now dependent for appropriations and the appointment of commissioners. Some of the depredations already committed in the valley, and the dangers to which it is still subjected, have been recently described in the newspapers. The object of the present paper is, by presenting a brief panoramic sketch of the principal wonders of the Yosemite, to assist in arousing the national consciousness to the fact that the Yosemite Valley constitutes one of the three most sublime features of American scenery—the other two of which are the Niagara Falls and the Yellowstone Park—and to strengthen the desire that everything that is possible should be done to prevent man from marring this masterpiece of natural scenery. It is the national conscience that must be appealed to, since the Californians themselves, although they like to boast of their wonders, do not take enough interest to go and see them; for, although the round trip from San Francisco, including all necessary expenses, can be made for about $50, figures show that England, New York, and Pennsylvania alone contribute as many visitors annually as California itself.

It is instructive to note how the number of Yosemite tourists has grown from year to year. The valley was first discovered by white men in 1851. During the nine years from 1855 to 1864 it was seen by only 653 tourists.

The completion of the first transcontinental railway in 1869 at once increased the number to 1122 in that year; and last year it was probably 4000. If, as I am convinced, the Pacific coast will during the next century for climatic reasons become the centre of American civilization, this number will be increased a hundred or a thousand fold—that is, provided we make strenuous efforts now to preserve the valley in its integrity for the benefit of future generations, whose æsthetic sense we may depend on it will be much more developed than ours in this commercial age, and who will thank us more for such action than for any other bequest we could make.

Inasmuch as the water-falls of the Yosemite constitute some of its main attractions, May, when the snow-water which feeds them is most abundant, is by far the best month for a trip; nor will a sensible tourist object to a little snow-storm which may occur in that month, for it will afford him a brief winter view of the valley without extra charge. But that these water-falls are by no means essential to the enjoyment of the Yosemite is illustrated by the fact that when Horace Greeley visited it late in summer they were so insignificant that he pronounced them "a humbug," while his admiration of the sights was nevertheless superlative. Persons who have their own conveyance have the choice between five routes part of the way. The vast majority of tourists, however, patronize the Raymond and the Milton routes. The former has 200 miles of rail and 64 of stage from San Francisco, the latter 133 of rail and 91 of stage, the advantage of the Raymond route lying in the special Yosemite branch railway (22 miles) from Berenda to Raymond. Practically, the S. P. R. R., which owns the Raymond route, has at present a monopoly of the travel, for it made the rival Milton Stage Company come to terms a few years ago by placing stages on their route; and at present return tickets on the Raymond route are accepted on the Milton, or *vice versa*—a point worth knowing, as each route has its special charms, although on both the return trip to the San Joaquin Valley seems more or less of an anticlimax after spending a few days in the Yosemite, in which nature, as in a final operatic chorus, has grouped in an overwhelming *ensemble* all her motives—snow-peaks, domes, spires, precipices, lakes, rivers, and water-falls—in the small compass of a few square miles.

In the height of the season the Raymond Stage Company employs at present about 300 horses, the teams being changed about seven times in the day and a half of staging between Raymond and the valley. Lack of space prevents anything but the briefest mention of the pleasant features of this trip. They are so numerous that I advise all who have the means or the time to take a horse or a private conveyance, or go on foot. An amateur botanist would require half a week to reach the valley. In one place I picked twenty-two varieties of flowers within half a mile—most of them new to me. Over 3000 plants have been found in this region on a square yard of soil. It is not only the flowers fringing the road that can be enjoyed, for they grow everywhere in large blue, yellow, white, or red patches, like irregular garden beds, resting cozily under a shade tree, or exposed on a sunny ledge or hill-side, where they sometimes present the appearance at a distance of gayly colored rocks. Even southern California has nothing to match this, for although it may produce a still greater abundance of flowers, it has not so many varieties as are intermingled here, changing from week to week as the season progresses. Those that are most abundant in May are also the most beautiful, such as the Indian paint-brush, aptly named; the Indian pinks, with fringed scarlet petals, looking like groups of tiny Japanese parasols; the long-stemmed, tulip-shaped, white and yellowish mariposa or butterfly lilies; and the blood-red clusters of bell-shaped little flowers on a fleshy, blood-red stem, which constitute the mysterious snow-plant that can be seen nowhere but here, and would alone repay a trip. A flower painter might spend his life here making perfect pictures which he need only copy, for no artist could imagine such poetic groups as nature here arranges at every turn; and he could not fail in at least one of the attributes of genius—he need never repeat himself.

Hardly less interesting than the flowers are the shrubs and the trees. Of the shrubs the most interesting are the dog-wood, whose blossoms are much larger and whiter than elsewhere, excepting Oregon; the tough "leather-plant," with yellow flowers similar in shape to those of the dog-wood; and the manzanita, with its beautiful smooth brown rind marked like alligator skin, which makes such elegant walking-sticks. As we ascend higher and higher, the oak-trees, with their enormous pendent bunches of mistletoe, gradually disappear, and are replaced by firs and pines covered with yellow moss, precisely as if we were going northward toward Oregon and Washington, the resemblance being heightened by the ferns and the burnt shrubs and trunks of trees. The higher up we get, the more the attention is monopolized by the magnificent scenic outlook over the mountain crests on all sides, rising behind each other in endless succession, like the waves of a stormy sea, with an occasional dizzy glimpse down into the yellow, sunburnt San Joaquin Valley, and even of the Coast Range, 150 miles away, projected against the horizon like a faint silhouette.

In this howling wilderness of desolate forests and mountains, which it takes the stage almost two days to traverse on a tolerably smooth road, the thought occurs again and again how in the world any one ever discovered this Yosemite Valley, hidden away in the heart of the Sierras, to which no arteries then led. Had it not been for the pursuit of that band of Indians by Captain Boling in 1851, under the guidance of two Indian chiefs, it is possible that this gigantic gorge of the Merced River might still answer to the description given of it at that time by one of the friendly chiefs. "In this deep valley one Indian is more than ten white men. The hiding places are many. They will throw rocks down on the white men if any should come near them. The other tribes dare not make war upon them, for they are lawless like the grizzlies, and as strong. We are afraid to go to this valley, for there are many witches there." Once discovered by white men, the valley was sure to become world-famed ere long, though the soldiers and gold hunters who first saw it did not seem to realize that they had come across the most wonderful collection of water-falls, precipitous cliffs, fantastic peaks, and other scenic features to be found in a similar compass anywhere in the world.

The first bird's-eye view of the valley which one gets on the Raymond route is also the finest, and is aptly called Inspiration Point. But it is only of the valley as a whole that one gets the finest impression at this point; the individual features—the giant precipitous wall of smooth granite known as El Capitan, and especially the water-falls—do not reveal their full grandeur till we are directly beneath them. As the stage winds down into the valley, such a bewildering variety of scenic surprises crowd each other that one should have as many eyes as an insect to take them all in; and it is amusing to see all the passengers pointing at once in different directions to call attention to something that particularly strikes their fancy, while each one is too busy to heed the others. The stage traverses almost the whole valley, which is over six miles in length, landing the majority of the tourists at the State-built Stoneman House, although some stop at Barnard's, a mile or less distant, directly opposite the triple Yosemite Falls, which are what a reporter would call a "three-decker." These falls, as well as the Bridal Veil and others less famous, are seen from the stage as it traverses the valley, but, of course, they want a whole afternoon at the very least for proper inspection. The driver will probably tell you that Yosemite Creek, which looks about a foot wide at the great height whence it falls over the ledge, is 40, or even 60 feet wide (Californian stage-drivers are very liberal in figures). Professor Whitney, in his admirable Yosemite guide-book (of which a new edition is in urgent demand), makes it only 20 feet in width; which, however, is still sufficient to furnish from half a million to a million and a half cubic feet of water in an hour to form the falls. Yet it is not so much by their volume that the Yosemite Falls are imposing as by their unequalled height. The upper fall has a descent of 1500 feet; the middle, of 626; and the lower, of 400—making together a water-fall (for they are almost in a vertical line) of over 2600 feet, or more than half a mile—sixteen times as high as Niagara. With an umbrella or a rubber coat one can get quite near the foot of the lower fall, and enjoy the spectacle of the spray, and of the rainbow which forever hovers over it. To the left of the falls is a sort of Cave of the Winds, whence a strong blast is forced on the upper part of the descending water, swaying it to and fro several feet, and producing the occasional effect of a lateral curve. Indeed, the aspect of the falls changes as constantly as the expression on a human face, and one might visit them scores of times without seeing them exactly as they were before.

Having given as much time as possible to these falls, we continue our trip down the same side of the valley to the right of the clear and rapid Merced River till we come under the shadow of El Capitan, the summit of which is 3300 feet straight overhead, seven times as high as the highest European cathedral. A single perpendicular wall of this height would make this rock one of the wonders of the world, but here are two such walls, half a mile in length, smooth as marble, meeting at a right angle, which makes "The Captain" an absolutely unique sight—"sublimity materialized in granite," as Hutchinson puts it. Vast as this rock seemed from Inspiration Point, one must walk or drive along its base to realize fully its grandeur and sublimity. "The whole of New York," exclaimed an enthusiastic companion, "might have been quarried out of that rock without making a damaging impression on it!" The smooth surface is in one place darkened by what seems to be a young fir-tree a few feet high, but which is said to be an old tree over a hundred feet in height. How it ever got a foothold and nourishment half-way up this naked rock is a mystery. Even a tree, one would think, would become dizzy and lose its balance in such a situation.

Below the Capitan the valley gradually contracts into a cañon, "not having the U shape of the Yosemite, but the usual V shape of California valleys." The descent is extraordinarily abrupt, and the Merced River rushes and tumbles in a continuous headlong current almost as wild and impetuous as the Niagara Rapids. High up on the steep right wall of the cañon we see the Milton road winding upward like a white thread. Our downward road continues as far as the Cascade Falls, which, though they would elsewhere be regarded as stupendous, here seem something of an anticlimax after the Yosemite Falls. Not so with the Bridal Veil Fall, which we next visit, after returning as far as El Capitan, and crossing the river to the other side of the valley. Although only about one-third as large as the Yosemite Falls, the Bridal Veil has features which make it fully its equal in charm. The proper time to visit it is at five o'clock in the afternoon, on account of the beautiful rainbows which then form in it, and it should be approached from the lower part of the valley to see them to the best advantage. At first the rainbow hovers over the fall about two-thirds up toward its top; but as we draw near it gradually sinks down till at last it seems to be dashed to pieces on the cascades at the foot of the fall, where it covers everything with a mass of iridescent spray, including the neighboring rocks and grass and bushes, to which it is wafted by the wind. Like the Yosemite, this fall is constantly swayed to and fro by the wind, as much as twenty feet from its perpendicular course, and to this fluttering in the wind of its spray-like mass it owes its name. The wind constantly changes, so that at one moment, like inverted rockets, the water descends on the right and the loose spray on the left, and the next moment *vice versa*. Sometimes there are two water-falls, one upward and one downward; for when the wind blows toward the fall a dense spray rises up to the very top of the fall, where it is blown over the ledge like a cloud. And what still more heightens the beauty of the scene is that beyond the ledge nothing is visible, so that the water seems to tumble right out of the blue sky into the deep valley. More than any rivals, the falls of the Yosemite Valley are constantly altered by changes in the wind, moon, and sunlight, and it is this great variety of aspect, together with the unparalleled height, that constitutes their unique fascination, and makes them superior to all other water-falls, except, of course, Niagara, which is so utterly different in character as to be incomparable. Over the magnificent fall of the Yellowstone they have the advantage that they can be seen from below as well as from above.

On the way back to the hotel a dispute arose in our carriage as to the origin of the valley. Clarence King states, in his *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*, that various markings which he noted had convinced him that at one time a glacier no less than a thousand feet deep had ploughed through the valley, occupying its entire bottom. The eminent Californian geologist Mr. Muir also has advocated this theory that the valley was eroded by glaciers, whereas Professor Whitney emphatically declares that "a more absurd theory was never advanced," and gives his reasons why he believes neither in the erosive action of ice nor in aqueous erosion as being the cause of the formation of the valley, nor in its origin through a mountain fissure. He advances the startling theory that the Yosemite Valley was formed by the sinking down of its bottom to an unknown depth during a convulsive movement of the surrounding mountains. We tried to find reasons for or against these various theories in the aspect of the opposing walls, to see if they would fit into each other or show signs of erosion; but of course where doctors differ it was not to be supposed that amateurs could come to an agreement, so the question remains an open one. But there is a certain fascination in Professor Whitney's theory, with the corollary that at one time the cavity thus formed "was undoubtedly occupied by water, forming a lake of unsurpassed beauty and grandeur, until quite a recent epoch." Beautiful as the present floor of the valley is, with its great variety of grasses, flowers, shrubs, and trees, one cannot help fancying that a Lake Yosemite, on which one might approach the foot of the falls in a boat by moonlight, would be more romantic still; and such a lake could be made by damming up the Merced River below El Capitan. But it would cost many millions.

At Inspiration Point our driver had told us the story of a lady who, when he stopped there a few days previously, and everybody was supposed to be wrapped in admiration too deep for speech, suddenly exclaimed, "Dear me, I wonder why they have no lace curtains at the Wawona Hotel!" Lace curtains, or curtains of any sort, will also be missed at the Stoneman House in the valley, and tourists will be awakened by the first flashes of the morning dawn. However, this has its advantage too, for Mirror Lake must be visited early, before the breeze which is apt to arise soon after sunrise has had time to disturb the surface of the "Sleeping Water," as the Indians used to call this shallow little lake, situated a few miles up the Tenaya Cañon. Mirror Lake deserves attention not only because in it are reflected some of the finest mountain forms in America, but because it indirectly helped to give the valley its present name. The Indian name for it was Ahwahnee. One morning, according to the Indian legend, a chief went to the Sleeping Water, where he ran across a monstrous grizzly-bear. After a terrific combat, in which his only weapon was the limb of a tree, he despatched him, and henceforth his followers called him Yo Semite, or Big Grizzly, which name he handed down to his children, and ultimately to the whole tribe; and at the first white man's camp fire in the valley it was thus named, at the suggestion of L. H. Bunnell.

Mirror Lake is small, and not especially impressive as a body of water, but its grand surroundings, and the absolute stillness of its surface, make it perhaps the most perfect aqueous mirror in the world. The bunches of grass in the middle of the lake, the trees lining its borders, and the bold mountains in the background are reflected so clearly and so vividly that in a photograph it is difficult to tell which is the real picture and which the image, the water itself appearing like a thin sheet separating the two antipodal views. It is under the guidance of Mr. Galen Clark, superintendent of the valley, that the lake is seen to best advantage, as he knows all the best points of view, and is armed with a slightly concave looking-glass, which makes the scene doubly a mirror lake. No oil-painting could equal in beauty the miniature views of subaquatic landscape shown in this glass in all the natural colors—the blue sky resting on the gray and white rocks, and the dark green trees showing every branch and every needle with perfect distinctness. The climax comes when the sun begins to peep from behind the mountain summits, which here hide it an hour longer than in the lower valley. In Mr. Clark's mirror it looks like a large electric light, whose dazzle throws the mirror views of sky, mountain, and forest into a gloomy shade, making the scene like a dream of the lower world. We had to keep on the move constantly to keep the sun in view, yet not too high, and I never before realized how quickly the sun does travel, or how the conformation of the mountain ridges can make it seemingly go now to the left, now to the right. When the sun had climbed too high to be looked at comfortably, even in a mirror, a breeze suddenly arose and obliterated the scenery painted on the lake's surface. Just at that moment two wagon loads of tourists arrived from the hotel; they had known as well as we that Mirror Lake after sunrise is nothing but an ordinary pond, but had lingered too long over their breakfast or between their sheets. Such is the average tourist, travelling hundreds of miles and enduring the fatigues of staging to see a world-famous scene, and then missing it all for a few more bites of tough beefsteak!

After seeing Mirror Lake it is customary to devote the rest of the day to visiting the Vernal and Nevada falls. We cross a bridge, where saddle-horses are in waiting for those who dread to climb. Make the driver stop a few minutes on the middle of the bridge, because there you get one of the finest views of one of those unique mountain formations of the Sierra Nevada—the North Dome—as true to its name and as absolutely symmetrical and regular as any capitol or religious edifice ever constructed. The falls we have seen so far are formed by creeks which fall over the Yosemite walls, and then join the river below; but those we are to see now are formed by the Merced itself, and therefore promise to be more imposing in volume, even if inferior in height. A wide bridle-path leads up the steep gorge, quite safe for the most nervous, though much blasting was necessary to make it so. Superb views are obtained of the valley beneath, of the precipitous cliffs on all sides, and from them a water-fall or two which would make the reputation of any ordinary mountain region, but which here are hardly noticed amid the abundance of first-class cataracts. A deserted log cabin near the foot of the Vernal Fall marks the place where we can either follow the horses up to the top of the fall, or climb up by a steep foot-path by the side of the fall. By all means this path should be taken either going up or descending, the latter being preferable, not only as being much easier, but because our descending from the top to the base of the fall makes it seem higher, grander, and louder every moment. The Vernal Fall is about 400 feet high and 80 feet wide, considerably lower than those in the valley, but much wider and more voluminous, and therefore stands midway between the kind of falls which impose through their massiveness—of which Niagara is the type—and those whose principal charm lies in their height and eternal variation of aspect, as is the case with the Yellowstone, Bridal Veil, and Yosemite falls. Few have heard of the Vernal Fall before coming to the Yosemite, yet if it were located amid the mountains of Switzerland it would be surrounded by a dozen hotels, and seen by a hundred thousand visitors every summer.

Approaching it by the foot-path, we are soon enveloped in a drenching spray, a rainbow which at first forms a complete circle, but as we get up higher is gradually reduced to the semicircular form of ordinary rainbows (another reason for taking this path on returning, since a scenic *crescendo* is preferable to a *decrescendo*). The last part of the ascent is made on a series of stairs, dizzy but safe, built through a sort of cavern in the rock, where we can get a peep right into the home of rare ferns and mosses, kept green by the spray, and fortunately just out of the reach of amateur botanists. At the summit the guide steps out on the smooth granite to the edge of the fall, and holds out his hand for those who wish to approach and see its foot. The upper part can be seen by leaning over a curious granite parapet, about three feet high, looking, as Professor Whitney remarks, "as if made on purpose to afford the visitor a secure position from which to enjoy the scene." It is only a foot or two wide, and looks as if it were rent off the rest of the rocks to some distance below, and as if it might be easily kicked over; but this feeling of insecurity where you know you are perfectly safe only adds to the terrible grandeur of the scene.

It would be impossible to find a more romantic and commanding spot than this. At your feet is the Vernal Fall and the turbulent Merced tumbling down the mammoth gorge; in the other direction, less than a mile upward, is another water-fall, world-famed—the Nevada—and between these two falls are endless combinations of solid rocks and shooting waters. Only a few yards above the Vernal is an eddying hollow known as the Emerald Pool, and immediately above this is "the flume, where the stream glides noiselessly, but with lightning speed, over its polished granite bed, making a preparatory run for its plunge over the Vernal Fall," as the first white man who ever saw this spot, J. H. Lawrence, happily described it. The guide here tells the story of an Englishman who wanted to "take a bawth, don't you know," in this flume, and was carried down by the swift and powerful current into the Emerald Pool, where he caught on to a bush, just in time to avoid being swept over the falls. In low-water the thin layer of swiftly moving water gives the flume a silvery appearance, whence it has received the name of Silver Apron; but if the Indians had any name for it, it must have been the more poetic designation of Arrowwater, or something similar. It is not safe to go near its edge, for it is sometimes suddenly widened by one of those curious irregular pulsations and re-enforcements noticed in many cascades. We now cross a bridge over the raging torrent and stop at the Casa Nevada, where Mr. Snow and his wife are always ready to provide a bountiful lunch at short notice.

Only a few steps from the house the Nevada Fall comes thundering down its 600 feet or more, according to the season. To the left is Liberty Cap, almost as precipitous as El Capitan, yet often ascended. A path leads up to the summit of the Nevada Fall, which, however, cannot be approached near enough to get a downward glimpse; but this is compensated for by the fine side views one gets of it on coming up. Further on is the mountain called Cloud's Rest, from which superb views of the valley and surroundings as well as the high Sierras are obtainable, but which can rarely be visited with comfort before the middle of May on account of the deep snow patches under which the path is buried. There is also a trail leading from the Casa Nevada over to one of the most famous parts of the Yosemite walls, Glacier Point; but there is so much to see there that one ought to devote a whole day to it. Therefore tourists generally return to the valley the same way they came, and the next morning are again in the saddle, bound for Glacier Point, directly over the hotel.

Everybody has seen pictures of Glacier Point and the huge bowlder which projects at one place several feet over the edge of the wall. On this bowlder many persons have had their photographs taken, with nothing between them and the bottom of the valley, more than half a mile beneath, but a bit of projecting rock, nor anything to hold on to. On the ledge to the right, however, an iron railing has been securely fastened, so that the most timorous can now look down with perfect safety. At this point a flag is floating, and in the evening it is customary to build a fire, and afterward throw the brands and coals over the brink. To the hotel guests directly below, who have been watching for them, these brands present the appearance of a golden water-fall, thus adding one more to the Yosemite's incomparable collection. Looking up from this valley, shut in on all sides by perpendicular walls and lofty peaks from 2500 to 7000 feet in height, it seems impossible that a way to the summit should have been found except by climbing up the cañon toward the Nevada Fall; but there is a more direct path straight up the wall to which tourists are conducted after passing the village and the seldom-used, solitary chapel. The ascent is very steep in some places, and hard on man and beast, but so well planned as to be without risk or danger, even though the horse occasionally does poke his nose over a yawning abyss. Fortunately for the nervous the most "ticklish" places are concealed by the dense brush clinging to the rocks, else the stubborn habit of the animals of always walking as near the brink of a precipice as possible would cause many a heart to stop beating momentarily. The air is wonderfully exhilarating and clear, and nothing could be finer than the aspect of the receding valley and the triple Yosemite Falls directly opposite, which are almost always in sight. Half-way up on one side is the Agassiz Rock, a huge bowlder in a state, apparently, of dangerously unstable equilibrium, and looking like some of the fantastic pinnacles of the Yellowstone Cañon, as if it might be kicked over with one foot; but appearances are deceptive.

There is a good hotel at the summit, where the horses are left with the guide, while we proceed a few hundred yards farther to Glacier Point. Imagine how the valley would look from a balloon, and you have some conception of the grewsome charms of Glacier Point, whence the outlook or down-look into the valley is more perpendicular and awe-inspiring than from Inspiration Point, which in turn affords the more picturesque view of the whole length of the valley, its depth from there being a subordinate feature. But the advantage of Glacier Point lies in this, that by walking a few steps to the right an entirely different scene is commanded—a scene which includes both the Vernal and Nevada falls, and beyond them an imposing array of snow-clad Sierra summits. It is here that every writer must feel the impotence and barrenness of words to paint the images treasured in his memory, and were every word a photograph, a description would convey but a faint impression of the original.

But we are to go up higher yet, where a still wider circle of mountains, cliffs, domes, cañons, and snow fields will come within the field of vision. The Sentinel Dome is our goal now. Visitors in May are liable to come upon many large snow patches a foot or two deep, but they usually manage to get through or around them. Fresh snow of this depth sometimes falls as late as the end of May, even in the valley below. At last we emerge from the forest, tie our horses to the last trees, and clamber up the bald pate of the Dome. Hence the billowy crests of the Sierra Nevada, including peaks of 1300 feet and over, show themselves in something approaching their real height and sublime grandeur. The scene is not unlike that of the Spanish Sierra Nevada as seen from Granada, thus presenting one of the numerous resemblances between Spain and California. The surface of the Sentinel Dome is full of curious small holes, probably the product of the innumerable expansions and contractions of the rock under the influence of alternating heat and cold. The very top is occupied by a stunted, gnarled, and knotted pine, presenting the appearance of a veteran warrior and storm-wrestler covered with wounds, upon which it exudes the soothing balm of a remarkably fragrant kind of pitch. Beware of touching it! A second's contact will ruin a suit. Had Heine ever been in California we might feel certain that this tree must have suggested to him that fine poem of the pine-tree dreaming amidst its winter snows, of the palm-tree bathed in sunshine—say in the Mojave Desert—but a hundred miles away.

Returning toward the valley by a different path, we soon come to a place known as Washburn Point, where the view of the falls and mountains is similar to that obtained from the Sentinel Dome, or perhaps even more impressive, because of its being nearer. From here the scenery of the high Sierras can be viewed even by those who are unable to walk or ride on such arduous paths, for there is a good wagon road leading hence to the Wawona Hotel, near the Big Tree Grove, and striking the road to the valley some miles above. For pedestrians, by far the best way to see the valley is to take this road from the Wawona, spending the night at the Glacier Point Hotel, devoting the next day to this place and the Sentinel Dome, and descending to the valley on the day following by way of the Nevada and Vernal falls. Thus the valley may be visited without any uphill work at all.

It is well to make all one's plans in advance, so as to be able to reserve a good seat on the stage as soon as you arrive at the Stoneman. The stage leaves early in the morning, and returns as far as the Wawona Hotel, where we arrive in time for lunch. After lunch, uncovered stages drive up to the hotel, and everybody gets aboard for a visit to the big trees in the Mariposa Grove. The round trip covers seventeen miles only, thus leaving plenty of time to see the arboreal giants at leisure. The road takes us more deeply into the virgin forests than we have penetrated yet, and there are many superb trees which attract the attention long before the Mariposa Grove is reached. Some of the passengers begin to comment on a few big sugar-pines, and even express a desire to stop and measure them; but the driver scornfully refuses to waste any time on such pygmies. So on and up we go, and at last come across a few scattered specimens which even the driver admits belong to the real big-tree family; but he does not stop until we reach the world-renowned Grizzly Giant, the thickest, though not the highest, of all the sequoias. With the exception of some specimens of the African baobab, this is the thickest tree in the world so far as known, though by no means the highest. In one of the other nine big-tree groves found in California, and only in California—the Calaveras—there is a tree 53 feet higher than any one in the Mariposa Grove; and Professor Whitney refers to an Australian eucalyptus 480 feet in height, overtopping the tallest sequoia by 155 feet. But for height and thickness combined the sequoia excels all other trees, and as the Mariposa Grove contains the thickest trees, it is the most impressive of all, since in the height of a 300-foot tree a difference of ten or twenty feet is hardly noticeable, while in the circumference every foot tells. Ten of our party clasped hands and encircled the Grizzly Giant, but the end men could not begin to even see each other on the other side. I walked around it, and counted fifty-three steps. The exact measurement is 93 feet 7 inches, without allowing for that portion of the bark which has been destroyed by fire. The best idea of its enormous girths is conveyed by one of Taber's excellent photographs, in which a horse stands alongside of a tree at full length, while a dozen men are scattered at intervals along the back, without nearly filling up so much of the tree as is included in the view.

Though blackened and cruelly hollowed out by fire, the Grizzly Giant is still alive; but its upper part is as dilapidated and time-worn as the lower, and no wonder, for it must have first stuck its roots into Sierra soil perhaps three or four centuries after the advent of Christ, by the most conservative estimate. The lowest branch of this tree is fully six feet in diameter—large enough to set up for a big tree by itself—"as large as the trunks of the largest elms of the Connecticut Valley." Most of the tourists cut off little slices of the bark, which in this case is hardly a reprehensible practice, for it would take decades of such petty vandalism to make any impression on this monster. Yet there are other mementos that might as well be taken, such as the mosses clinging to it and the cones found under it. These cones are surprisingly small—only about two inches in length—especially when compared with other cones found in this region and offered for sale at the hotels, put up in wooden frames and covered with moss, some of them a foot and a half or more in length.

But the Grizzly Giant must not detain us too long, for there are several hundred more sequoias to be seen, and, as a punster suggested, a Big-Treetise might be written on the Mariposa Grove alone. As we pass from the lower to the upper grove these trees become more and more numerous among the pines and firs, until at last we come to a genuine *grove* of *Sequoia giganteas*, a real forest cathedral. There is a flutter of excitement as we approach the tunnel tree, or Wawona (which is Indian for big tree), through which the stage drives as it stands, with horses, passengers, and all. The diameter of this tree at the ground is 27 feet, or 3 feet less than the Grizzly Giant; the tunnel by which we go through it is 10 feet high, and from 6 to 10 feet wide. Just as we drive into it a poetic youth exclaims to his fair companion, "Now look out for spiders!" and others of the same class must have passed through before, for names are written on the inside, and even visiting cards tacked on. The wood chopped out here was, of course, made into relics and sold years ago, yet paper-knives and other things made "of it" are still to be had in the grove in quantities to suit. At a little log cabin, occupied by the guardians of the grove, the stage stops again, and the venturesome climb up the prostrate trunk of a fallen monarch on a rickety ladder. The upper part of the trunk is rotten, and resembles the hull of a wrecked ocean steamer. It once took five men three weeks to fell one of these giants; and even after the connection of the stump with the trunk had been severed, it took three days of wedge-driving before the tree could be made to fall. Imagine, therefore, the force of wind required to throw over such a tree, and the nerve of Andrew Jackson Smith, who once remained in the hollow of one of them, known as Smith's Cabin (in the South Grove), during a Sierra storm which threw down "Old Goliah." The guardians of the grove have for sale packages of seeds of the big trees, though they frankly tell purchasers that not one in a hundred will sprout. They have a nursery near the cabin, and often send young trees away.

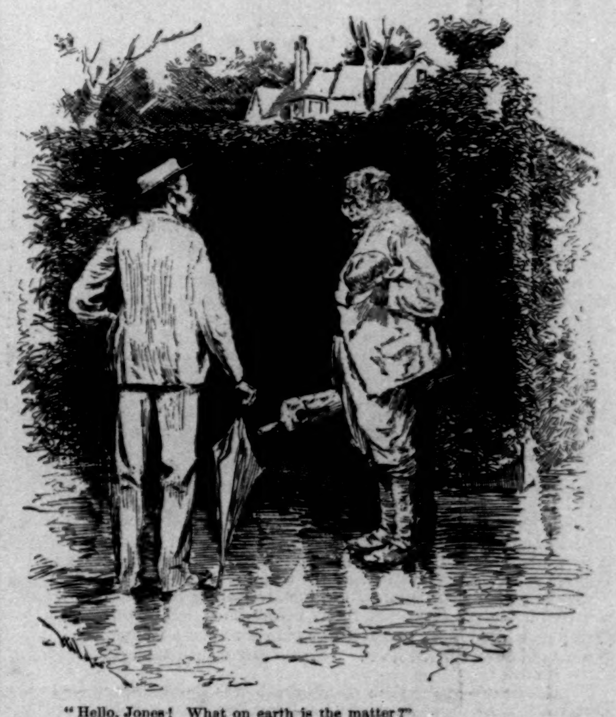
The *Sequoia gigantea*, although found nowhere except in the Sierra Nevada of California, grows readily elsewhere, and vast numbers have been planted in this country and abroad. The climate of England is said to be specially favorable to them, and from seeds planted there in 1853 have grown trees which are already over 60 feet in height and 10 in girth. A thousand years hence England will have her big-tree groves, and they will be more beautiful than those of California, because better guarded against forest fires. But they will lack the majestic mountain surroundings of the California groves.

It would almost seem as if the existence of these giant trees in the Sierra Nevada were intended by nature as a striking contrast and compensation for the utter absence of forests in southern California—a contrast heightened by the numerous other fine species of evergreen trees, especially the famous redwood groves which Professor Whitney has described so poetically. Outside of Ceylon and other tropical countries there is perhaps no region which has so fine and varied an assortment of valuable woods as the Yosemite neighborhood.

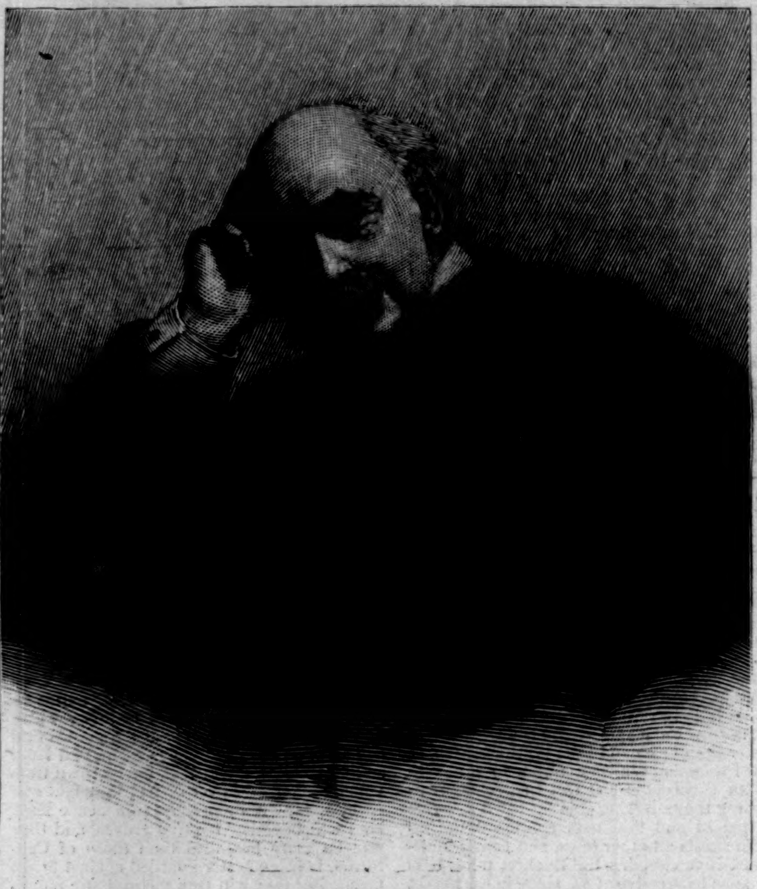
SOLITUDE.

He is alone who jostles 'mid the throng;
And most the homesick heart repining knows
When through the crowded thoroughfare it
goes.
This is the solitude wherein men long
For sweet communing with the calm-browed
hills,
To catch the silver poplar's whispered word,
To know the secret heart of some shy bird,
Or, face among the rushes, feel the thrills
Of rhythmic thunder from the mighty sea,
For these shall soothe them with a tender song.
Bethink thee then amid the lonely throng
How nature ever calleth unto thee,
"When from thy solitude thou hast release
These are the voices that shall bring thee peace."

Lucy E. Tilley.



"Hello, Jones! What on earth is the matter?"
"Been over in Jersey for a few days camping, and the combination of sun, mosquitoes, and black-flies has so changed my physiognomy, that the servants won't open the gate. Would you mind taking me up and introducing me?"



THE LATE DION BOUCICAULT.—From a Photograph by Falk.

DION BOUCICAULT.

Thursday afternoon, September 18th, at half past five o'clock, Dion Boucicault died at his home in New York city.

He was born in Dublin on December 26, 1822, while his father, a Frenchman, was engaged in business there. He was sent to London at the age of twelve to be educated for the life of a civil engineer. This, however, was very little to his taste. Even at that early age the future great man had his own plans for a career. In his nineteenth year his first play, *London Assurance*, was produced by Charles Mathews at the Covent Garden Theatre, London. Its pronounced success established at once the reputation of its author.

Who this author was, however, was not generally known until a year later, when *The Irish Heiress* appeared at the same place, publicly announced as by "Dion Boucicault, author of *London Assurance*." Even considering this early beginning, the enormous number as well as the superior quality of his original and adapted plays is an indisputable evidence of his remarkable gifts. He has produced about 400 plays, more probably than any other man, with the exception of the Spanish playwright Lopez de Vega, who, it is claimed, is responsible for some 460. Many of his plays, however, did not meet with success, and it is a remarkable thing that none have ever excelled *London Assurance*, the fruit of but nineteen years of a boy's life. Dion Boucicault himself considered *Led Astray* his masterpiece. On the night of June 14, 1852, Mr. Boucicault, who was then thirty years old, made his first appearance as an actor at the Princess Theatre, London, in *The Vampire*, a play written by himself.

He came to New York, accompanied by his wife, in September, 1853. His wife, Agnes Robertson, was an actress, and performed with Mr. Boucicault in most of the plays presented during this first tour in America. The opening in New York was made November 10, 1854, with *Used Up* on the boards, Mr. Boucicault taking the part of Sir Charles Coldstream. Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault returned to London in 1860, and while there produced *Led Astray*, *After Dark*, *The Long Strike*, *The Parish Clerk*, *Arrah na Pogue*, *The Life of an Actress*, and many others. They reappeared in New York in 1872, playing in Booth's Theatre, at Wallack's, and the Union Square, returned to London in 1874, and five years later appeared together for the last time at Booth's Theatre, New York. Regarding the separation of Dion Boucicault and Agnes Robertson we have nothing to say. The world has no reason to be interested in Dion Boucicault as a husband. He claimed their attention simply as a playwright, and as such he was well worthy of it.

In 1873 he helped to establish the New Park Theatre, and since 1876 he has resided in New York. In 1886 he married Louise Thorndyke, his widow. Louise Thorndyke was an actress several years younger than Mr. Boucicault. Six children were the result of the first marriage. Dion William was born in New Orleans in 1855, Eva was born in New York in 1859, and Darley George in 1861. Patrice was born in London in 1862, Nina in 1867, and Aubrey Robertson in 1870. Darley George, better known as "Dob," is the only child upon the stage.

August, 1888, Mr. A. M. Palmer organized a dramatic school in connection with the Madison Square Theatre, and asked Dion Boucicault to take charge of it. Friday morning Mr. Palmer said to the writer: "Some of the papers have intimated that this school had been abandoned. That is by no means true. Mr. Boucicault and I were planning very shortly to reopen as usual. In fact, it is only because of the constant occupation of the theatre during this summer that it has not been under way before now. Mr. Boucicault and I together conceived the plan for such a school, and should have carried it on. I cannot say what I shall do about it now."

Mr. Boucicault at the time of his death was dramatizing Bret Harte's *Luck of Roaring Camp* for Ben Teal. It is not certain as yet whether he had finished it.

Arthur Henry.

THE GREELEY STATUE.

In the original lithographs of the present *Tribune* building, made before the edifice was completed, there is a statue of Horace Greeley, the founder of the paper. The statue that has been so long in contemplation has at last been unveiled, and Horace Greeley now sits behind Benjamin Franklin.

The statue occupies the front of the *Tribune* building, at what was formerly the entrance to the counting-room. The pedestal stands on the steps of the building. It is of solid dark blue Quincy granite, about 6 feet by 5, and 5 feet 7½ inches high. On the front appears the simple legend, "Horace Greeley, founder of the New York *Tribune*." The statue is of bronze, and is 4 feet 11½ inches by 5 feet 11½. It represents Mr. Greeley sitting in an upholstered chair, the left arm resting on the arm of the chair, the right arm resting on the knee, and in the right hand an open copy of the paper.

The face is an excellent likeness of Mr. Greeley. It is turned forward and slightly upward, as if in the act of listening, and the blended shrewdness, kindliness, and firmness of the countenance are admirably brought out by the sculptor. The great editor is represented in his ordinary everyday dress—loose frock-coat, vest, and shirt front somewhat rumpled, *négligé* necktie, and square-toed shoes. The dress and the position, as well as the likeness, are thoroughly characteristic, and the work, taken altogether, is as great a success in its way as the statue of Washington, by the same designer, on the steps to the Sub-Treasury on Wall Street. Perhaps it is a greater success, for Mr. Greeley was contemporary with the artist and known to him, and the attitude was one often assumed by the subject, while the Washington statue, for all its likeness to the original, is more or less legendary, and the position, while natural enough, is somewhat symbolical.

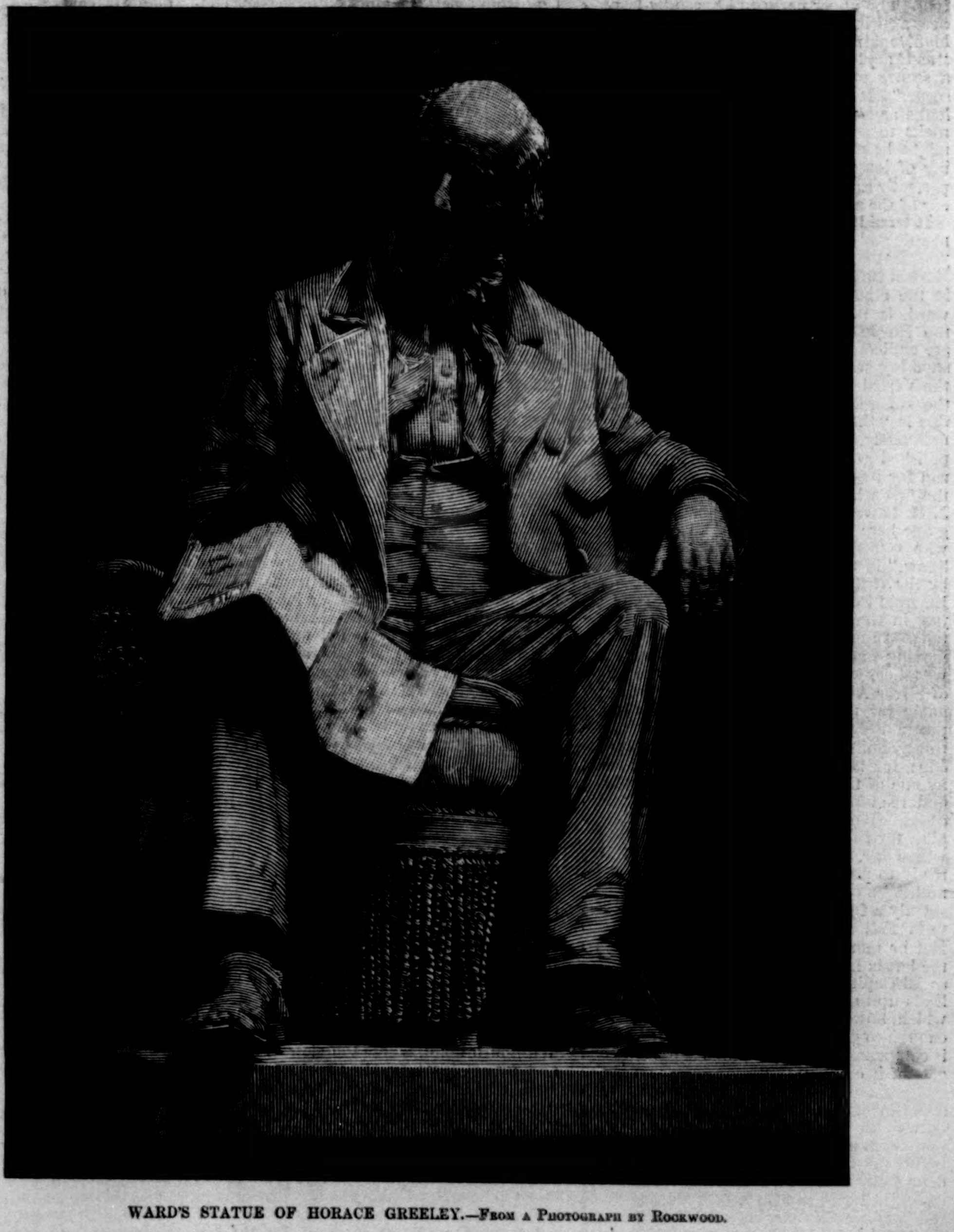
The designer of the statue is Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, and the bronze was cast by the Henry Bonnard Company. The granite-work was done by Messrs. Batterson, See, & Eisele. Having been always contemplated as a part of the *Tribune* building, this statue is appropriately enough erected not by popular subscription, but by the *Tribune* Association, and its cost does not especially concern the public.

The statue was unveiled at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, September 20th, with appropriate ceremonies. Mr. John Hay, for years an associate of Mr. Greeley, and in one sense his pupil, presided, and introduced the orator, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, who, among his other numerous titles to fame, possesses the distinction of being one of those Republicans who in 1872 followed Mr. Greeley out of the "regular" Republican party, and who emphasized his devotion by permitting the use of his name as a candidate on the Liberal Republican State ticket. The act of unveiling was performed by Mr. Greeley's daughter Gabrielle; and after an appropriate prayer, the exercises were concluded.

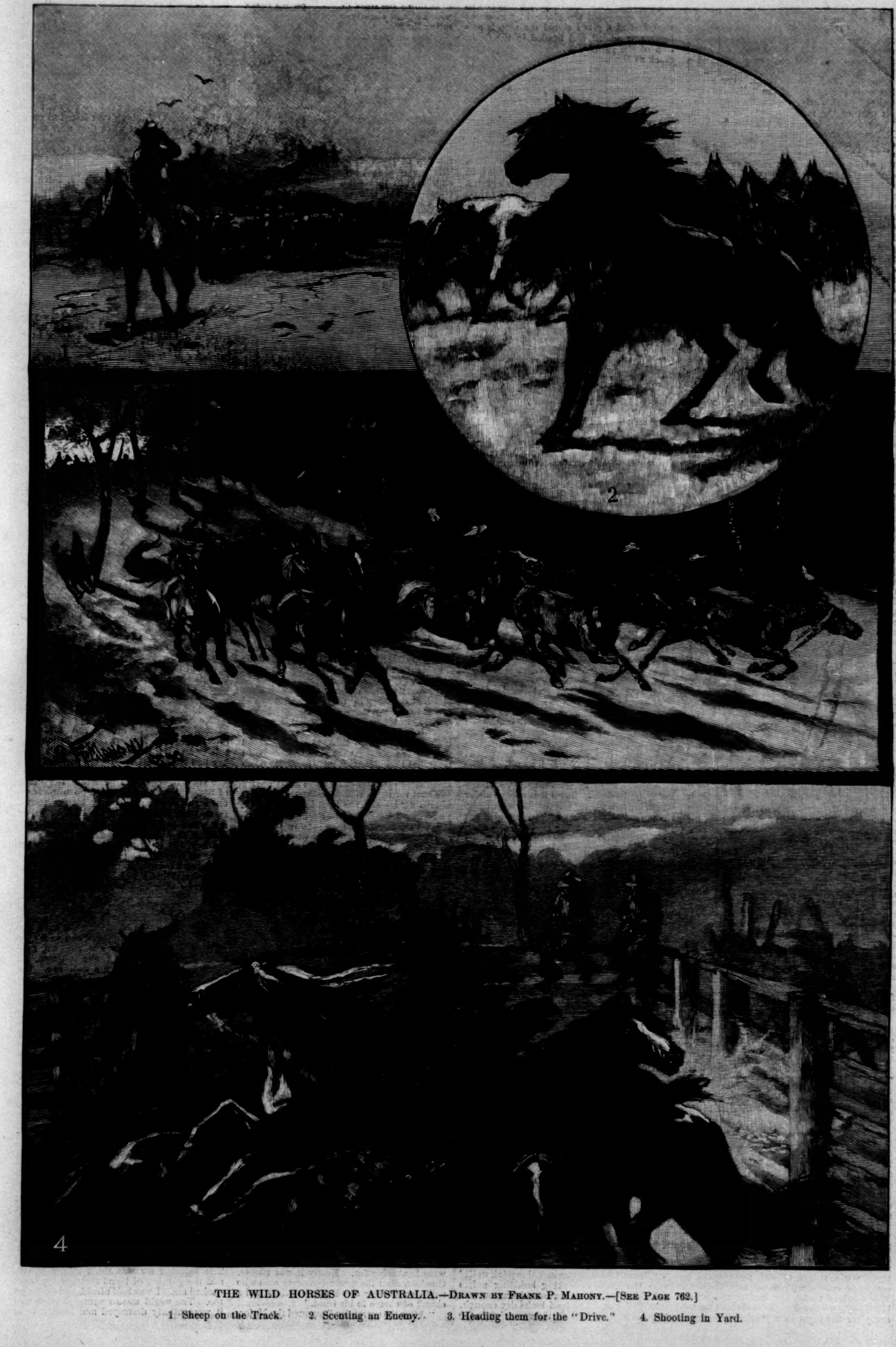
It is eminently fitting that the front of the *Tribune* building should thus be decorated with a memorial in bronze of the man who founded the paper. During the thirty years after the foundation of the paper it is not too much to say that Mr. Greeley *was* the *Tribune*. He identified himself with the paper, and the paper with himself to an extent that is rare in the history of metropolitan journalism.

It is true, no doubt, that other men of the same period identified themselves to a wonderful degree with certain great newspapers, as Henry J. Raymond with the New York *Times*, William Cullen Bryant with the *Evening Post*, and James Gordon Bennett with the New York *Herald*; but none of them possessed such a unique personality as Mr. Greeley, and none of them took such a hold on the popular mind. Bryant was primarily a poet; Raymond became a politician; Bennett was always more or less a Scotchman and primarily interested in foreign affairs; but Greeley put his whole self into his newspaper work, and thereby became a dynamic power in American life whose force is not yet spent, and whose results cannot be summed up before the end of the nineteenth century.

The thirty years during which Mr. Greeley edited the *Tribune* were eventful years in American history. Beginning the year after the wonderful "Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign," they included the Mexican war, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska struggle, the war of the rebellion, and most of the reconstruction period. It was a time for great men and great ideas; and Mr. Greeley, with his intense moral purpose, his virility and vigor and intellectual ability, rose greatly to the occasion. Printing-house Square is the right place for his statue, and the Tribune Association, by putting it there, has not only proved its loyalty and respect for its founder, but has performed an important service to the public. New York is not rich in statues. The enduring memorials of her great citizens may be counted on the fingers. Every addition to the small number is an increase of civic strength, and an incentive to good citizenship.



WARD'S STATUE OF HORACE GREELEY.—From a Photograph by Rockwood.



THE WILD HORSES OF AUSTRALIA.—DRAWN BY FRANK P. MAHONY.—[SEE PAGE 762.]

1. Sheep on the Track. 2. Scenting an Enemy. 3. Heading them for the "Drive." 4. Shooting in Yard.

THE WILD HORSES OF AUSTRALIA.

As eels are said to get accustomed to the process of skinning, so it is to be presumed that Australians will one day learn to become reconciled to the astounding fictions about themselves and their country which find a place in the columns of newspapers in all corners of the habitable earth. The globe-trotter is generally, and the "distinguished visitor" particularly, responsible for the major part of the misstatements referred to. These fatuous beings include Sydney and Melbourne among their ports of call, and during a stay of perhaps ten days or a fortnight at either place grasp a knowledge of the whole continent from a few railway excursions confined within a radius of fifty miles of the post-office, and gather information from the gossip on a club or hotel veranda. When the traveller returns "home" he either writes a book or inflicts columns of disjointed and silly misrepresentation about his travels on a long-suffering and easily gulled circle of newspaper readers, and in this way it comes about that among a variety of other developments the Australian kangaroo is gravely described in an English book of the class referred to as "bearing a close resemblance to a huge cricket, with a pouch under its neck, in which it sometimes carries provisions"; and the wild horse of Australia, in an American sporting journal, is let loose upon the reader in a torrent of description which might well produce a feeling of doubt in the mind of any old back-blocks bushman as to whether he himself had ever really seen a wild horse, or had merely been the victim of a delusion.

These mobs of horses, which are to be found on most of the "runs" in the unsettled districts, and in some instances in the longer inhabited parts of the country, have had their origin in the stray stock of the early settlers and from the pioneer camps in new country, from which latter source their numbers are constantly being recruited. Their haunts are either in the broken country of the coast ranges or in the impenetrable scrubs of the interior, according to the conditions of their first introduction; and their increase being unimpeded by the restrictions which pertain to constant work and partial confinement is naturally rapid and healthy. They roam at perfect freedom over the grassy plains and sheltered valleys of their own particular run, from which they rarely if ever stray, unless compelled to do so in search of feed or water during seasons of drought. Over hundreds of thousands of acres on the run on which they have been born and bred they are undisturbed, save by an occasional stockman or boundary rider in search of cattle or lost sheep, or possibly of a station horse which has effected its escape from bondage, and is supposed to have joined the wild mob. The presence of cattle or sheep or of native game on their feeding-grounds does not alarm them; but they are exquisitely sensitive to human intrusion, and on the slightest suspicion of danger their heads are in the air, and they are off to one or other of their haunts at a pace that bids defiance to pursuit.

Each mob has its leader in the person of an entire, usually the biggest and noblest-looking animal out of many, and one who has had to fight and win many a battle for the supremacy he enjoys. Some of them are among the grandest specimens of the equine race, as indeed they well may be, for many strains of escaped thorough-bred stock are blended in their veins, and the result is such that the traveller who sometimes, all unsuspectingly, emerges from a belt of scrub in view of a mob of wild horses feeding in fancied security is struck with admiration of their marvellous development and great beauty. There are few prettier sights to be seen, even in Australia, than a mob of wild horses at the first scent of danger, with heads erect, waving manes, and flowing tails, waiting the signal from the leader to vanish up some broken gully or gallop madly for shelter into the nearest belt of brigalow scrub.

As a general rule there is plenty of room for them, and they are left undisturbed except when a search has to be made for stragglers from the home-station workers, or when, as in a dry season, their consumption of grass and water becomes a serious matter for the stock owner, and compels attention to their existence. In the latter case it is frequently found necessary to reduce their numbers, and yarding wild horses is one of the most exciting of the bush sports of Australia. When the run of the mob has been ascertained, a strong yard is erected in the vicinity of a water-hole at which they are accustomed to drink. The size of this yard is proportioned to the numbers of the expected capture. It is built of stout unsquared timber, often with five rails to the panel, and a cap, which adds greatly to its height and strength. From each side of the opening into it wings of two or three rails are extended into the bush for perhaps an eighth of a mile, comprising an angle of from forty to sixty degrees. From the termination of these wings a wire is continued in the same direction, attached to convenient trees or to driven stakes, for another half-mile or more on each side, and at intervals of every few feet along these wires sheets of old newspapers or scraps of calico rag are securely fastened. When all is ready, the station hands and black boys, mounted on the best stock horses, camp for the night in a previously selected spot near where the wild mob is known to feed. At gray dawn all are in the saddle, the most probable directions in which escape will be attempted are blocked by mounted men, and at a given signal the mob is partially surrounded, and headed in the direction of the yard. Shouts arise and whips crack as the astonished "brombies" fly for safety. Over and through all obstacles they go, followed by some of the hardest and gamest riders in the world, many of whom, nevertheless, often come to grief before the wild spin is over. But once the mob is within the area of the drive, it is comparatively easy work. The instant the flapping paper on the wire is sighted on one side, a frightened shy is made in the opposite direction, where they soon come into collision with a similar terror. Fear keeps them going in the direction of the yard, and when within a short distance of it the riders gradually close in, and land them with a final rush inside the enclosure.

Many break away and escape in the course of the drive, but a streak of good luck, backed by sound judgment, a firm seat, and a keen eye on the leader of the mob, generally lands him and a number of his followers in safety. The slip rails are quickly secured, the entires and the least valuable of the mares shot, and the others left for a day or two to quiet down under the combined influences of starvation, fear, and thirst. The best-looking youngsters and all branded or partially broken stock are then drafted out, and the remainder destroyed in the same way. Occasionally a valuable horse which has escaped from his owner is recovered after this fashion, and some of the colts may be depended on to turn out well. The hides of those killed are sent to market, the carcasses are piled and burned, and the yard remains in its unvisited solitude until the next raid is organized.

Wild-horse hunting is a sport for kings who can ride; their destruction is a painful and inevitable necessity under the conditions of existence imposed upon the pastoralists of Australia. Edwin J. Welch, F.R.G.S.

KNIGHTS OF THE LOST CAUSE.

It is four o'clock of a hot Sunday afternoon at the Colonel's. Early dinner was eaten an hour ago. The women lingered to talk a little, yawned secretly once or twice behind their big palmetto fans, and then, as is their custom Sunday afternoons, vanished one by one to their bedrooms, where they are now in deshabille, swaying back and forth in deep rocking-chairs behind the green gloom of drawn shutters, dreaming over Bibles, which have locks of hair and pressed flowers between the leaves, or, if sufficient energy can be summoned, are rearranging the drawers and shelves of their huge dark mahogany wardrobes and bureaus.

As is their custom of wet Sundays, the men have adjourned to the front gallery to smoke, talk crops and politics, and exchange stories of the late civil war, that forms a never-exhausted theme of interest, and thus while away the long hours intervening before supper-time.

The rain falls softly and steadily. The Captain when he rode up at noon had prevision of the imminent humidity, and unbuckling his saddle, threw it in a heap under cover, the horse being left patient, with hanging head, hitched to an orange-tree growing near the steps, the other horses loose upon the lawn, and when the talk ceases, the sound of their teeth can be heard crunching the wet herbage.

The Major crumpled himself up in a big wooden rocking-chair near the gallery's edge, that the whole expanse of wet green lawn may serve him as a spittoon. The Captain, seated on the top step against a pillar, just out of reach of the rain, has his knees drawn up under his chin, his elbows loosely propped upon these, and his cob pipe in his mouth—the only sort he considers fit for use. Meerschaum and amber mouth-pieces are a hissing and an abomination to the Captain. A joint of brake-cane serves as a stem to this pastoral pipe, and there is a stained notch at the end, worn by his teeth. He will not light his tobacco save with a live coal, and when the pipe is replenished, a small darky is summoned from the kitchen, running bareheaded through the rain, and tossing the coal from palm to palm.

The Colonel flaps slowly up and down the gallery in his loose black slippers, smoking a cigar, while the only member of the party who owns to being or having been a private has his chair tipped back, his high heels caught in the rungs of it, and is constantly either smoking or rolling a cigarette with deft, slim fingers, stained yellow with nicotine. He is not in the least ashamed of his privacy, having been a private in the Louisiana Tigers, which is quite distinction enough for one not consumed with unhealthy ambitions.

"How's the cane on the Gum Ridge this year?" inquires the Major, having just added to the brown pool slowly widening beneath the edge of the gallery where he sits.

"The plant cane's good enough," replies the Colonel, dubiously. "But the stubble's bad. It's too wet there for stubble. It rots."

"Doesn't the draining machine work well?" asks the Captain, making bubbling noises with his pipe, which begins to burn low.

"Well, yes. The land looks dry enough, but the stubble rots all the same," says the Colonel, pausing in his walk to contemplatively regard the little streams of rain running down the sides of the Captain's horse, which steams slightly in consequence, evaporating the moisture with his own heat.

"You shouldn't th'ow a double fuh'ow to hit in the first ploughing," suggests the Private, in his slow, careful English, guiltless of *r's*.

"Oh, you've got old-fashioned creole notions about everything, Achille," says the Major, impatiently.

"All bright," answers the Private, imperturbably. "But the stubble hrots all the same, you see. Ol' man De la Houssaye he halways sesso too."

There is silence for a while, save for the flip-flap of the Colonel's measured march. The stream of talk runs sluggishly, like the slow bayous that wind through this sugar country. The rain continues to fall with soft wet whisperings among the trees, polishing the green enamel of the orange leaves, and dampening down the fluttering pink frills of the crape-myrtle. The chickens resign themselves to continued bad weather, and come out from under shelter, damp and shrunken in size, with their tails tipped down to let the rain run off, and wading boldly with wet yellow feet into the drenched grass after worms.

Then the Major says, reflectively, their minds having not yet flowed away from the topic: "De la Houssaye was a mighty good planter too. He made seven hundred hogsheads of sugar on the Carvagnac place the year before the war, and it 'ain't run higher than three hundred any year since. You were with him in Vicksburg, weren't you, Achille?"

"Me? Ya'as. Me han' Joe was stan'n' bright alongside him when it happened. Weren't we, Joe?"

They knew the story well in its minutest details. It is an old Sunday afternoon stand-by, but being attached to it they periodically resurrect the tragedy. So the Captain says yes, with an air of never having admitted the fact before, and continues the tale himself:

"We come out of the trenches for a breath of air—we three—and De la Houssaye was laughing about the trick he played the Yankees the day before, when there was a sudden explosion near us—*z-z-zim!*—a piece of shell whistled by, and De le Houssaye fell forward, his head cut clean from his body, with the laugh still on his mouth. That sickened *me*. I'd been through some pretty tough things, but I hadn't ever seen a thing that shook me up like that. I was nervous and quaky for weeks after it."

"What had De la Houssaye been doing the day before?" inquired the Colonel, who always demands the entire original version.

"Well, you see, he was about the best artillery marksman we had in the city, and the Yankees had been doing their prettiest to get along the river, past our batteries. They'd tried every sort of device you can think of, and that day they hit on one that really did credit to their Yankee cuteness. They put a little tug between two great flat-boats, and loaded them with cotton higher than the blamed little thing's chimneys. We'd been shelling it from the very minute it came in sight, but though we hit it half a dozen times the shells only sunk into the cotton and the fuses went out, and she bulged right ahead. We sent for De la Houssaye then. He came after a while—not the least bit in a hurry; you know he never was—studied the situation for a minute, and then sat down to make a cigarette. 'Blank you, sir! why don't you do something?' said one of the officers. 'We didn't send for you to make cigarettes while those infernal Yankees get past the forts!' De la Houssaye never noticed him till he'd got his tobacco lit, and then he said, looking down the river with one eye half closed, taking a sight, 'Suppose you leave me to manage this matter, since you've proved yourself unequal to it'; and then he went on squinting without further words. Finally she got past us—she couldn't go very fast, you know—and we had a terrible feeling about it. It seemed sort of the entering wedge of defeat. De la Houssaye was measuring distances and angles with his eye, and didn't appear to care a rap about her going by the batteries until she got so far down we could see her plainly between the two piles of cotton. Then he let her fly! and I'll be hanged if he didn't blow her higher than Guilderoy's kite. Such a howl as we sent up! Big Pat Donovan fairly cried with delight. 'By the howly Moses,' he yelled, 'luk et him bang ther dommed little caffee-pot!'"

"Lord!" says the Major, reflectively, "what a time we did have in that town! It was all very well for you fellows who were on foot, even if you did have to eat mule meat and live in holes in the ground. I was in hospital most of the time with fever, burnin' up when I wasn't freezin', my dirty old uniform and two blankets for a bed, and a little musty corn meal and salt by way of appetizin' delicacies for an invalid. Many a time I'd have swapped all my hopes of heaven for a lemon."

"It was funny," says the Captain, sympathetically, "how one grew to crave some particular kind of food during the siege. I've heard men say they've dreamed twenty nights in succession about eating the thing they were hankering for. Mostly it was cheese. One hour after the surrender, every man who could come near the Yankee sutlers had a chunk of cheese in his hand."

"After the surrender," pursued the Major, "they shipped me down the river. I was just able to crawl. When the boat stopped at Natchez a nigger boy came aboard with a little basket of weazened, half-green pears, as sour as vinegar. All the money I had in the world was five or six silver dimes, and I gave him every one of them for his pears—basket and all. Then I went off behind the pilot-house to get away from the hungry eyes of the other sick men who had no money, and were thirsting for something green and fresh just as I was. And when I'd hidden myself, I'll be hanged if I didn't eat the very last one of those pears! Nothing ever tasted so good before or since. But when they were done, I put my head down on my knees and cried like a baby, I was that weak and miserable, and because of the hungry way the other men had looked at me."

The Colonel was standing still, listening to the story, and looking out to where the hidden sun in his setting was flushing the clouds with a pale diffused yellow glory. The rain was done, but the trees still dripped softly. In a cedar near by a mocking-bird was hastily running over his whole *répertoire* before going to sleep, to assure himself he had forgotten nothing. He caught the sound of sheep bells tinkling in a distant pasture, successfully achieved an imitation, after which he went happily to bed.

"There's going to be more rain to-morrow," remarks the Colonel, noting the yellow sunset, "and we've had about enough." After a minute he goes on: "I know how you felt, Major. I had that same childish, helpless despair myself. It's because they've never felt it that the young of this generation can in no wise gauge the feelings of the generation that is passing away. We may be helpless and narrow-minded, as the young people are fond of telling us; we may be averse to change—we *are* averse to change—God knows we've had enough of it to last us till the great final one comes; maybe we don't try to adapt ourselves to the new circumstances; but, you see, you let a plant grow to maturity, and then tear it up suddenly by the roots and set it in a new soil, it doesn't do much in the way of adaptability, does it? We've got to leave that to the coming generation."

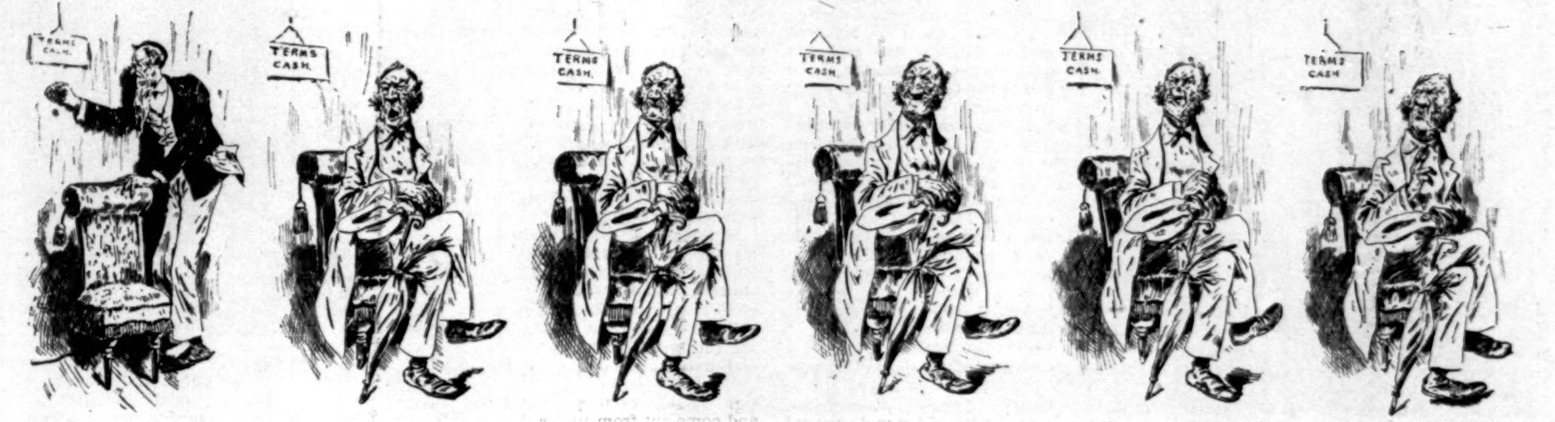
"That's so," says the Major, with conviction, cutting off a new chew, and shutting his big pocket knife with a snap. "They are a Pharaoh that knew not Joseph."

"None of the young people of the present day can form any conception of what we felt at the end of that four years' struggle," continues the Colonel, gradually drifting into his florid style of Southern eloquence, so admired by his friends and so effective at political barbecues. "It seemed as if the old familiar heavens and earth had passed away, and none knew what was to succeed them. We were wandering blindly in this darkness, and the dear old familiar Eden behind us was barred with a flaming sword. We knew what Adam and Eve felt when the gates closed, shutting away all their sweet safe indolence, and leaving them face to face with a desolate unknown world of labor and hardship. I never will forget the first days of my waking to the terrible realization that this was at last a positive, irrevocable fact. We had surrendered and were parolled, and were very anxious to get back to our homes. We knew the country had been in the hands of the enemy, and had heard no word from our families, so there was nothing to assure us that our homes might not be in ashes, or our wives and children dead. It was very difficult to find any means of making the journey, but it had to be accomplished in some way, so there was nothing for it but to ride across country from Red River.

"John, William, and I—they were my two brothers, you know—bought some horses and started. Such jades they were, too!—tall, lean, and broken-kneed, most of the hair of their tails and their mane smatted with cockle burs. But, such as they were, we gave our watches in exchange for them, and were glad of the bargain. William's was brown, I remember; John's a clay bank; and mine an old flea-bitten gray, with a wall-eye. We weren't much better looking ourselves—three ragged, wasted, unshaven men in dirty Confederate gray. I remember we had been riding all night across the prairies, and the day began to break, the most awful daydawn I ever saw. We rode—we three gaunt men and horses—abreast in the narrow prairie road. All around, out to the very rim of the world, was the great sea of grass and flowers, bent and white with the dew that was heavy as rain. The stars had faded one by one, and then the sky began to whiten with a sort of livid paleness, as if it were some ghastly fear that made it look so. There wasn't a sound; not a single bird or insect cried; not even a breath of wind to stir the heavy wet grass. Only this deadly white stillness, this awful something, this vast change growing in the skies overhead.

"Then a huge crimson stain appeared in the east, and long lines of red flowed from it, like blood streaming from an open wound. It was so frightful, so sinister, that we stopped and gazed in speechless fear, and then, as we looked, there suddenly rolled up into the heavens a terrible, vast wheel of fire. Was this the end of the world? Were we standing face to face with the last great cataclysm? The morning air was thick in my throat, and the gushing of blood through my heart choked me. I was half afraid, and half glad too. The world was so wrong it were well it were utterly destroyed and blotted from

AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.



1. "One minute, sir, till I ketch this fly."

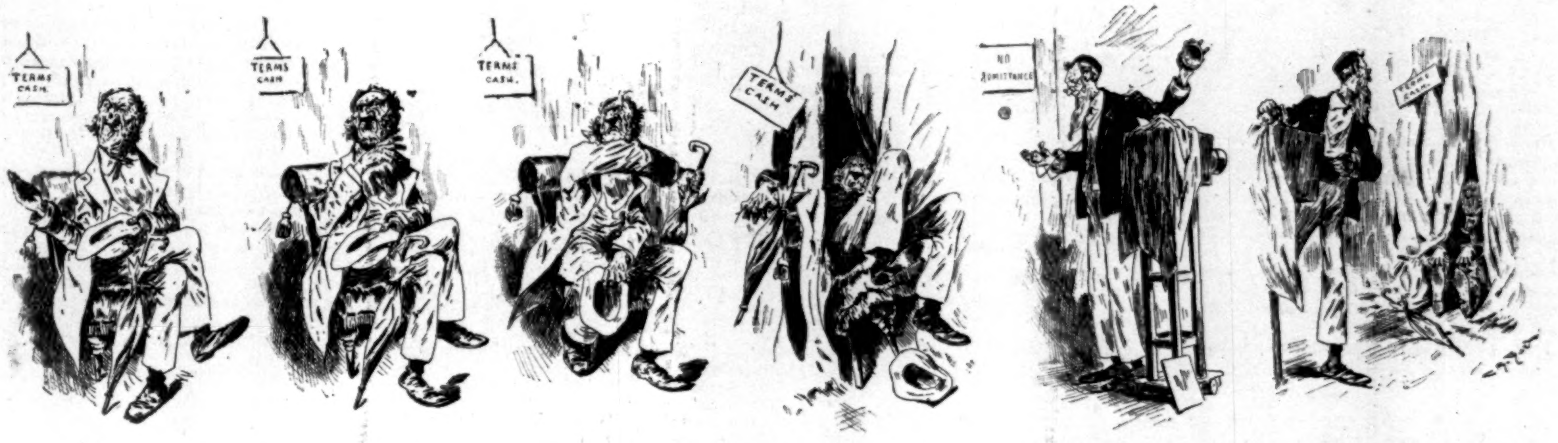
2. "Be kind enough to close the mouth, and don't squint."

3. "Not quite so severe, sir; try and think of something bright."

4. "There! Excellent, sir. Keep your eyes on the instrument, please."

5. "Phwiff! Drat that fly."

6. "Poo! get out."



7. "Back again? 'Sh—"

8. "Oo!"

9. "Jes take that. I don't allow no flies on —"

10. "Me!!!!!!"

11. "Light's a leetle poor to-day, it'll take a trifle longer, sir. Keep as still as you can, please."

12. "'Twould have been all right, mister, if the settee hadn't slipped. I laid him out, though."

the universe. Then William turned to me and said roughly, with a sort of catch in his voice: 'How long are you two going to stand there staring at that sun? I'd like to know, because I'm as hollow as a gourd, and I want some breakfast, and I'm going to look for it. What's the matter with you, anyway? Didn't you ever see the sun rise before?'"

The women, who have gathered in the dusk, draw a long breath and come forward, their white gowns gleaming softly through the darkness. And the old madam is heard to rattle the teaspoons in the dining-room and say: "Nace, go tell your Marse Charles and the ladies and gentlemen to come to supper right away. Everything's getting cold."

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

A FARMERS' RAILROAD.

WHILE the farmers in the South and West are endeavoring to better their condition by the formation of a farmers' party which seeks political control, their brethren in a small section of New Jersey are preparing to give another method a trial. For twenty years past farming pure and simple has been getting less and less profitable in most of the Eastern States. It has now come to the point in some sections when either new methods must be tried or the farms abandoned. In certain parts of the counties of Morris, Somerset, and Hunterdon, in northern New Jersey, it has been almost impossible for the farmers to make any change in their methods. If they grew fruits or vegetables the expensive haul to market would exhaust the profit, for the railroad facilities in the section amounted to next to nothing. The Morris and Essex Division of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western runs through Morris County, and the New Jersey Central through Hunterdon, but from one road to the other is twenty-five miles. It is a very fertile country, where small fruits and vegetables could be grown very profitably if it were not for the expense of getting them quickly to market. The large corporations controlling railroads in northern New Jersey have from time to time made surveys through this section, and the farmers have waited with what content they could for the railroad which was always coming, but which never came.

Three years ago a young man, the son of a farmer in the section, who had been in the West, and had practised somewhat as a surveyor and engineer, returned home, and endeavored to interest the various towns on the line of the road which he proposed to build from Morristown to White House in Hunterdon County. This would have required the building of twenty-five miles of road, and the amount of money required, some $300,000, seemed so great that the projector found it impossible to obtain a concert of action in the various towns and neighborhoods the road would traverse. After many disappointments he abandoned this method of procedure, and concluded to build the road in sections, a little at a time. His first section was from White House to New Germantown in Hunterdon County, a distance of five miles. He formed a company called the Rockaway Valley Railroad, and got the farmers along the line to subscribe for the stock and bonds. They paid these subscriptions partly in money and partly in work and material. Where the grading was not too heavy each farmer has done the grading of the road as it passed through his place. The cross-ties have been furnished in the same way, and money has only been needed for bridge timber, iron, and rolling stock.

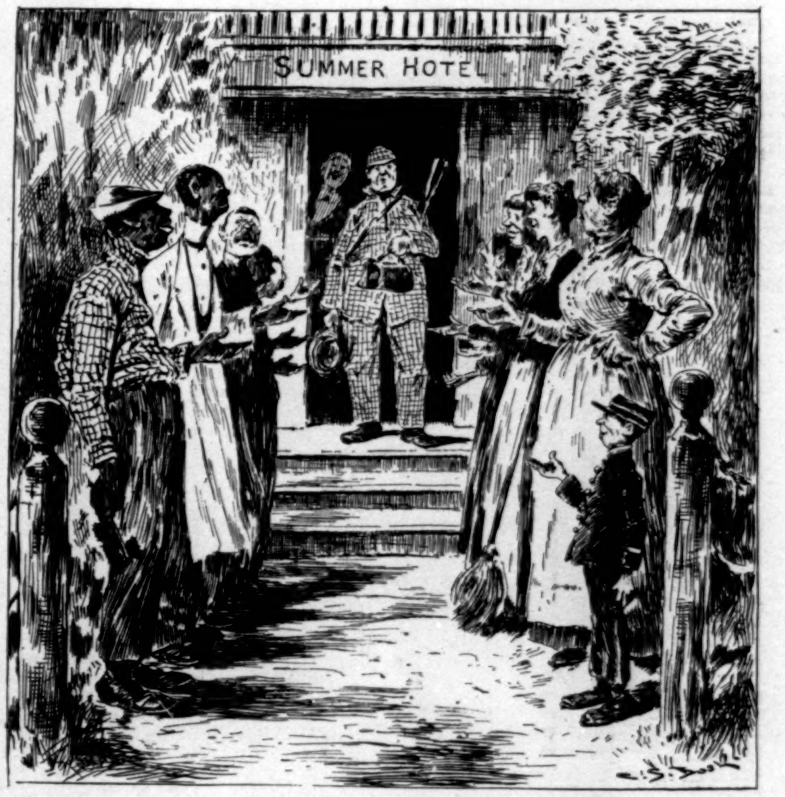
When the first section was completed, another was begun, and by the end of the second season the road had been built to Pottersville, in Somerset County, and was now ten miles long. During the winter a third section of three miles was built to Peapack, still in Somerset County, but very near the Morris County line. The same method of raising the means and doing the work had been pursued, and had proven very satisfactory. It was very difficult now to secure the interest needed to build the next link in the chain. Over the Morris County line the people wanted to go to Morristown, but had no interest in going toward the West; and then again they were always beguiled into inaction by the promises of the Morris and Essex road to extend a branch in their direction. After much hard work, however, the co-operation of the Morris County farmers was secured, and the fourth section of the road, six miles from Peapack to Mendham, is now being rapidly finished. When it is done, the line will be at once and without difficulty extended to Morristown, and then the farmers will own and operate twenty-five miles of road, which they will have built themselves without any outside aid whatever, and this too through a mountainous country.

It is an edifying spectacle to see the farmers at work building their road. Each laborer is a shareholder, and he seems to feel, as he handles his pick or shovel, that he is working for himself. The first time I saw them at work I was amazed at the vim and energy displayed. I did not then know how the road was being graded, and it occurred to me that the particular gang of men must have been composed of exceptionally good material, or have the most efficient of foremen. I was shortly afterward introduced to the foreman, who was guiding a huge four-horse plough, and I learned that he was not only the foreman of the gang, but the vice-president of the company. He said he had to do no urging at all, as each man seemed inclined to give to the work the best that was in him. These same men, I dare say, when working out their road tax can kill time and do as little work as the oldest soldier who ever shirked his task.

Of course this is by no means a first-class railroad, either in road-bed or equipment, but it answers the purpose for which it was planned. The alignment of the location is generally very good, and if the business of the road ever justifies the expense, the grades can be made less steep by making cuts and fills which will not interfere with the operating of the road while the work is going on. The railroad men of the "through lines" make many jokes at the expense of this amateur company, but their cheap wit does no harm, and the farmers, being now railroad men themselves, are in complacent mood and full of good-nature.

Many thousands of peach-trees have been planted in this section, and all the farmers are preparing to try other crops than those which have proven to be unprofitable. An era of hopefulness has set in, and these sturdy farmers, whose great-grandfathers succored the starving army of Washington during that awful winter when the Continental army was encamped at Morristown, are now trying to save themselves. I have no doubt that they are making a much more sensible effort than those who are seeking the assistance of the general government in their material affairs.

JOHN GILMER SPEED.



THE TIP END OF THE SEASON.